Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1898.

MOUNTAINEERING BY RAIL.

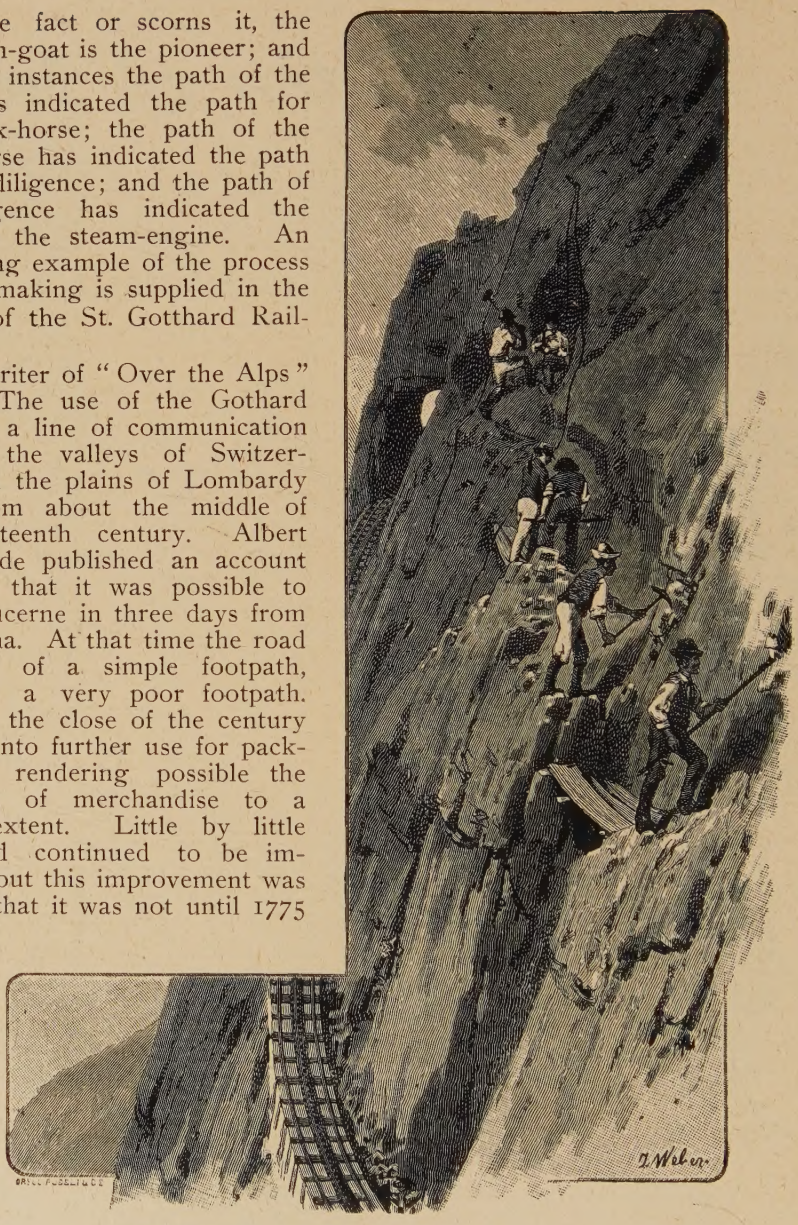
A COG-WHEEL RAILWAY—MOUNT PILATUS.

Those luxuries of life which are peculiarly connected with the ascent of very high mountains, and with periodic residence in the habitations which crown their summits—luxuries of feeling and luxuries of scene—have, until a comparatively recent date, been only accessible to the physically strong and mentally resolute. Now, however, the engineer is abroad. Mountaineering has, by the application of mechanical appliances, been made possible to those who are neither physically strong nor mentally resolute; and, though considerations of financial profit, more than a sympathetic desire to put the luxuries of the mountain-top within the reach of the physically weak, may have moved the engineer to activity, still his achievements are a wonderful witness to the mastership of the human mind in its contentions with physical difficulties.

There is nothing particularly skilful in the zig-zag system of mountain railways; and so far from its being the original thought of any particular engineer, this zig-zag system of ascending mountains had its earlist inventors in the beasts of various kinds whose natural homes are in the mountains. Horses and oxen and sheep, which, in the main, are found only in those mountains where man has taken up his abode, adopt the zig-zag method of climbing mountains as naturally as the chamois and the mountain-goat. The common-sense in animals led them to show that the zig-zag path up the mountain-side is easier for ascent than the straight path. In mechanical mountaineering, whether man

likes the fact or scorns it, the mountain-goat is the pioneer; and in many instances the path of the goat has indicated the path for the pack-horse; the path of the pack-horse has indicated the path for the diligence; and the path of the diligence has indicated the path for the steam-engine. An interesting example of the process of road-making is supplied in the history of the St. Gotthard Railway.

The writer of "Over the Alps" says: "The use of the Gothard route as a line of communication between the valleys of Switzerland and the plains of Lombardy dates from about the middle of the thirteenth century. Albert Von Stade published an account claiming that it was possible to reach Lucerne in three days from Bellinzona. At that time the road consisted of a simple footpath, and that a very poor footpath. Towards the close of the century it came into further use for pack-animals, rendering possible the transport of merchandise to a limited extent. Little by little the road continued to be improved; but this improvement was so slow that it was not until 1775



CLEANING THE ROCK ON MOUNT PILATUS.

that the first coach went through it from Altdorf to Giornico. In 1820, the Federal Government began the construction of a first-class post-road on the north side of the mountain; and, within the next decade, the adjacent Cantons completed the road from Goschenen to Airolo. Then, half a century later, came the St. Gotthard Railway,—piercing mountains, spanning chasms, bridging tor-

WOLFERT VIADUCT—MOUNT PILATUS RAILWAY.

rents, scaling heights, and forming, in its entirety, the grandest engineering triumph of modern times. In this slow, but steady development of the dizzy, unfrequented footpath, into the solidly-constructed, granite-bedded railway, we read the whole story of the growth and progress of science and civilization."

But there are mountains in Switzerland which cannot be ascended by the zig-zag system of mechanical mountaineering; for, like some other of life's obstacles, they are by nature so constructed

that there is no getting round them; the only way to master them is to attack them in front. This the engineers have done. There are five mountain railways in the neighbourhood of the city of Lucerne — the Gutsch, the Burgenstock, the Stanzerhorn, the Rigi, and the Pilatus railways. The Gutsch, the Burgenstock, and the Stanzerhorn railways are constructed up the face of these mountains; while the Rigi Railway climbs up the back of the Rigi, and the Pilatus Railway, ascending from one side, winds its way round to the back of the Pilatus.

TUNNEL ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY.

There are several systems of mechanical power represented in these several mountain railways. Two carriages; the descending carriage weighted with water, connected to the ascending carriage by a strong wire rope; the carriages here, as for all mountain railways, being raised behind to a perfectly level floor. A toothed-line of rails running up between the rails on which the carriage travels; and a very powerful and perfect brake, operating upon both ends of the carriage, constitutes the Gutsch railway system. The Burgenstock Railway is worked by electric power. The Stanzerhorn is part of the way worked by electricity like the Burgenstock, and part of the way worked by a cable like the Gutsch. The Rigi and the Pilatus railways are worked by locomotives. There are engineering reasons why no uniform system has been adopted in dealing with these various mountains.

Pilatus is a very interesting mountain to the sight-seekers who visit Lucerne. From Alpnachstad, the place where the Pilatus Railway commences, to Pilatus-Kulm, the place where it terminates, the ascent is 5,528 feet. The length of the railway required to make this ascent is 15,020 feet. The average gradient is about 38 in 100.

This railway is a wonderful construction, and as the passengers upon it are borne slowly

along—for the speed is necessarily slow—the passage over "The Wolfine Ravine," and the "ins" and "outs" of the four tunnels

WASEN, ON THE ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY.

which pierce the precipices of the Esel, produce such feelings as defy description. Wonder is excited at the "daring" which could project such a railway, and the "do" which could carry out such a project.

In one hour and twenty-five minutes the traveller, by the Pilatus Railway, is placed upon a vantage ground for viewing the Bernese Alps and the beautiful

valleys which are immediately adjacent to Pilatus, and the far-away country surrounding the city of Zurich, which, but for this railway, would be inaccessible to thousands, for whom scenes from mountain-tops constitute a luxury of life of the highest order.

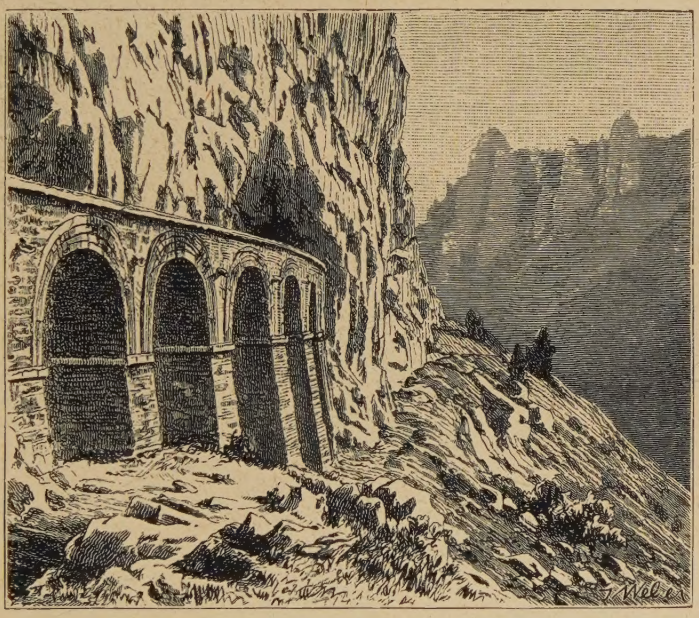
From the upper terminus of the Pilatus Railway, Pilatus-Kulm, there is a considerable amount of mountain-climbing, in a small way, available for ladies and for weakly men. A staircase, with an iron balustrade, supplies a five-minutes' climb to the bold and

VIEW FROM SUMMIT OF MONTE GENEROSO, ITALY.

open summit of the Esel. A path, very well prepared for tender feet and feeble frames, leads from the hotel, Pilatus-Kulm, to the Tomlishorn, 1,470 feet higher than Pilatus-Kulm; whilst for those who are unequal to a climb of that height, the southern peak of the Matthorn, which is about 400 feet lower than the Tomlishorn, can be reached by an easy gradient, walkable in about three-quarters of an hour.

ist who has made the ascent of Pilatus a day's work, whether he has done it by the railroad or by the footpath, has experienced such sensations—sensations of sight, and sensations of feeling—as will, if it be his first visit to a mountain-top nearly 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, make him long for their repetition. For

> The Alps arrayed in stainless snow,
> The Andean ranges yet untrod,
> At sunrise and at sunset glow
> Like altar-fires to God.



GALLERY ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY.

The view from this cluster of mountains is both extensive and interesting. The snow-covered mountains of the Bernese Oberland, the Monch, the Eiger, and Jungfrau, can be splendidly seen from the top of the Esel; whilst, looking north, a string of lakes—Lucerne, Zug, Sempach, Baldegg, and Halwyl—carry the eyes in that direction, until vision is bounded by the blue range of the Jura. With such air as the top of Pilatus supplies, and such scenery as can be seen from its summit, the tour-

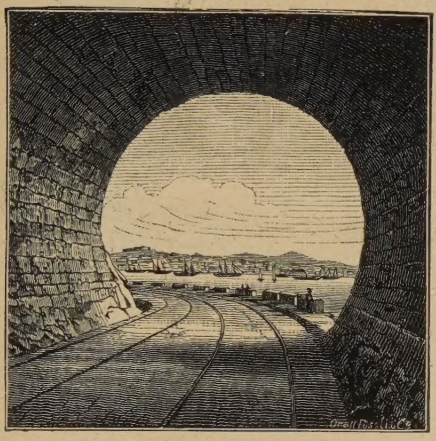
In no country in the world have such engineering feats been accomplished as in Switzerland. It seems as if wherever a goat can climb the Swiss engineers will run a mountain railway. The St. Gotthard Tunnel, above referred to, is one of the mightiest works of modern times. The length of the tunnel is a little over nine and a quarter miles, or about one and a half miles longer than the Mont Cenis Tunnel. The tunnel is from 5,000 to 6,500 feet below the peaks

of St. Gotthard. Its construction is thus described by an engineer :

"At the entrance to the tunnel were huge air reservoirs, in which the air was compressed by means of the water-power of the Reuss and of the Ticino to less than one-twentieth of its volume. The compressed air was conducted in pipes to the scene of operations, where it entered a cylinder, the piston of which was forced backwards and forwards with immense velocity by the expansion of the air. The piston was connected with the perforator, which penetrated deeper and deeper into the rock at every stroke. After the boring the perforator was withdrawn, the miners put in the charges of dynamite, the explosion of the dynamite followed, shattering the rock. Compressed air was

THE BLACK FOREST MOUNTAIN RAILWAY—BELOW TREIBERG.
FOUR TRACKS IN VIEW.

then allowed to escape into the opening, driving the smoke to the mouth of the tunnel. The *debris* was removed and the process repeated. The work of excavation was preceded by exact measurements and calculations, in order to ensure meeting in the interior of the mountain.



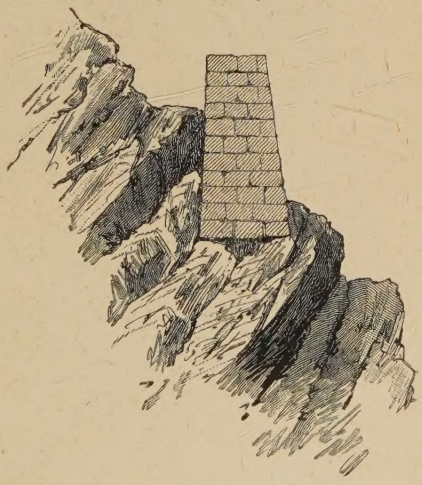
ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY.
TUNNEL AND VIEW OF TRIESTE.

"The obstacles met with were many and various. They consisted especially in the hard and difficult nature of the rock, fissures, beds of clay or loam, and frequent rushes of water, the latter being a most serious interruption to the work. The saddest day during the nine years the tunnel was in construction was on July 19th, 1879, when Louis Favre, the contractor, was struck with apoplexy while inspecting the interior, and died in the arms of the persons accompanying him.

On February 28th, 1880, a perforator from the south side penetrated the last partition between North and South. The workmen on either side exchanged greetings, and the leaden capsule containing the portrait of Louis Favre was pushed through the aperture—a touching act of recognition on the part of the workmen of the merits of their late employer."

One of the most extraordinary things about the tunnel is that in four places it turns completely around in the heart of the mountain in a spiral curve, crossing its own track at a higher level, either in the mountain or just as it emerges from it. Unless one follows a map, he can hardly believe that the road which he sees far below is the one by which he has entered the mountain. At Wasen we see the same church now far above us, then on a level, then far below, and it requires almost a mathematical demonstration to convince one that after all the travel we are having it is still the same church. As the train leaps out of a dark tunnel into the bright light, reflected from the snow-clad mountains and the evergreen pines, it is one of the most remarkable experiences of the journey.

Along the shore of Lake Lucerne the railway runs on a shelf of the mountain, and above it is the famous Axenstrasse.* Both



AVALANCHE WALL ON THE TORRENTHORN.

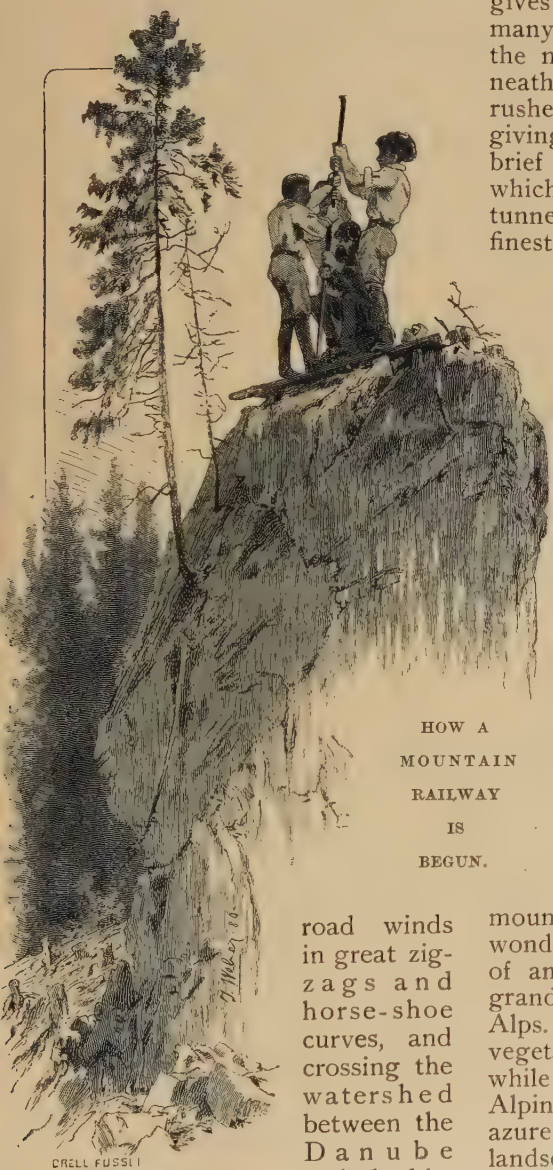
* On the occasion of my first visit I walked some miles along the Axenstrasse—a road hewn in the mountain side, high above the lake, and beneath tremendous overhanging cliffs of tortured strata, which in places are pierced by tunnels—and lingered for hours enchanted with the blended beauty and sublimity of the views. With quickened pulse of expectation, I descended the cliff to the site of the far-famed Tell's Chapel, so familiar in pictures. But what was my disappointment to find not one stone left upon another! The great modern destroyer of the romantic, a railway, was being constructed along the lake margin, and the time-honoured chapel, said to be five hundred years old, had been removed. A workman showed me the plans of a brand new one which was to be erected near the spot; which I felt to be almost sacrilege.

of these are shown in the cut on page 303.

The railways in Europe have a great many more tunnels than those on this continent. In a single afternoon's ride from Genoa to Pisa the train goes through eighty-five tunnels, many of them short, it is true, through spurs of the mountains running down into the sea, but many of them of considerable length. In the Black Forest Railway, in Germany, the train passes through thirty-eight

VIEWS ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY.

tunnels and over a hundred and forty-two bridges. It is necessary in several places to change the bed of the Danube. The road winds in great zigzags and horse-shoe curves, and crossing the watershed between the Danube and the historic Rhine, as rapidly descends. Leagues and leagues of dark pine-forest stretch beneath the eye. Deep valleys, with picturesque wooden villages, are at our feet, adown which bright streams leap and flash.



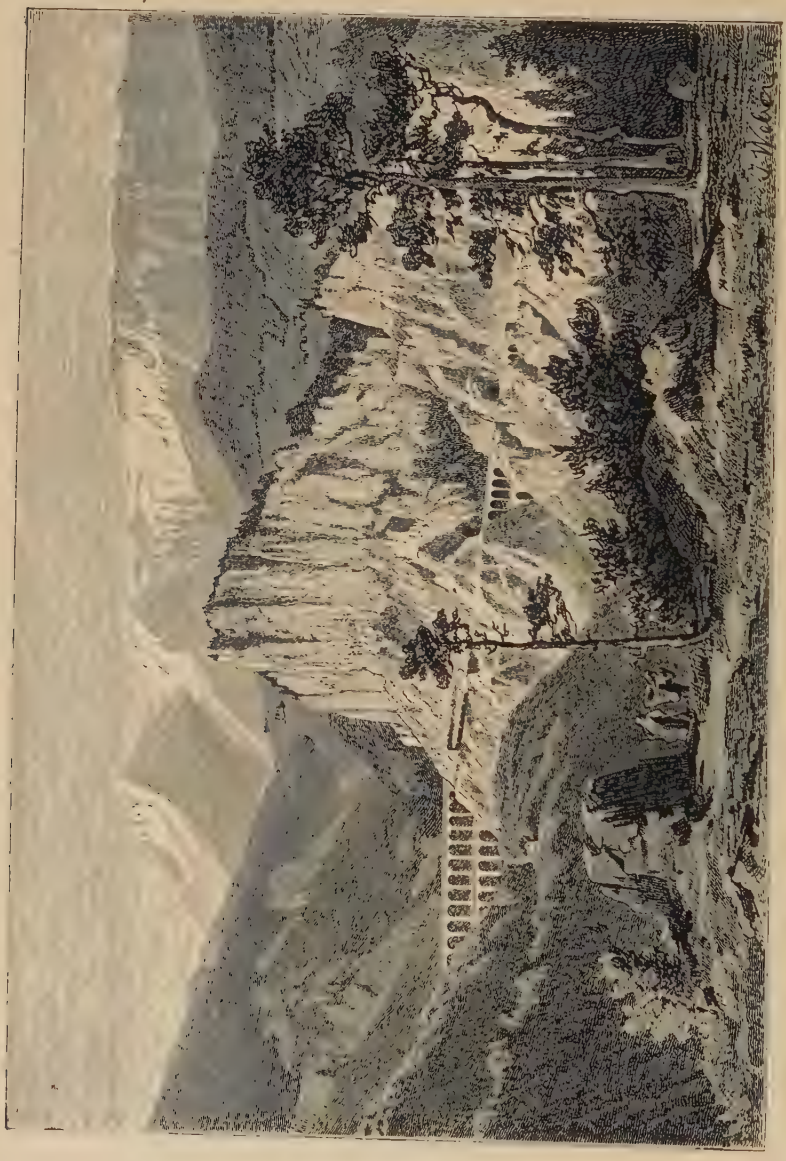
HOW A MOUNTAIN RAILWAY IS BEGUN.

The engraving on page 298 gives a bird's-eye view of the many windings of this road and of the manner in which it dives beneath the mountains and then rushes out on a high embankment giving magnificent views. The brief glimpses of the lovely valleys which the intervals between the tunnels afford, are among the finest specimens of Black Forest scenery; they are one carpet of verdure, intersected by little brooks that glitter in the sunshine; pretty cottages adorn the slopes, patches of forest adorn the projecting rocks, and zigzag paths lead in all directions up the mountain-side—landscapes possessing greater charms than these would be hard to find.

One of the most picturesque of these mountain railways is that to the summit of Monte Generoso, which rises abruptly from the shores of Lake Lugano. This eminence, which is a spur thrown out by the Alps towards the plain of Lombardy, is called the Rigi of Italian Switzerland. This mountain region combines in a wonderful manner all the charms of an Italian landscape with the grandeur and sublimity of the Alps. A luxuriant southern vegetation adorns the lower slope, while on the heights a magnificent Alpine flora delights the eye. An azure sky overarches the lovely landscape, and is reflected with remarkable intensity in the waters of the lake that lends so much animation to the scenery; and especially at sunrise and sunset colours of magic beauty are seen.

But the paths are long and steep, the Italian sun darts fiery beams from the cloudless sky—and, in short, travellers have become accustomed to railways and shun the fatigue of mountain-climbing. So a cog-wheel railway has been constructed, whereby, without fatigue, the tourist may be conveyed to the summit of Monte Generoso.

The mountain-railway leaps pertly over its older sister—the St. Gotthard line—and begins its climb. The cog-wheels work evenly and steadily, and soon lift us above the houses, above the church steeple, higher and ever



VIADUCTS ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY—THE RAXALPE IN THE BACKGROUND.

ST. GOTTHARD RAILWAY AND AXENSTRASSE SKIRTING LAKE LUCERNE.

higher. At our feet spreads, like a vast garden, the southernmost territory of the Swiss Confederacy. The railway is cut in the rocky slope, the strata of which are obliquely bedded, and below it the mountain falls off steeply to the valley. On arriving at a perpendicular precipice, the railway pierces it in a loop-tunnel, a little on one side of the hermitage of San Nicolao.

The train climbs quietly but steadily upwards. Towards the south-east we can see, beyond the lower hills, the spacious plain of Lombardy. High up on the left is the point of view called Bellavista, which well deserves its name.

The rugged rocks fall off almost perpendicularly towards Milan; at their feet lies the deep-blue lake. The trees now disappear. The zone of forests lies below us and we have reached the region of Alpine pastures, with their luxuriant herbs and brightly-coloured flowers. The engine makes a last strenuous effort as it climbs the steep slope leading to the terminus just below the summit.

From the station we can reach the summit of the mountain in about ten minutes, and here a grand prospect opens. At the foot of the fearful precipices bounding Monte Generoso lies the beautiful Lake of Lugano, its different arms embedded between the projecting ridges and promontories. Then the Alps with their snowy summits and peaks rising in unsurpassed grandeur above the lower grassy heights; and lastly, our gaze is attracted by the wide expanse stretching away to the south, the plain of Lombardy—the garden of Europe.

The oldest mountain line in Europe is the Semmering Railway, which runs from Vienna to Trieste. It is remarkable for the boldness of its engineering and the grandeur of the scenery through which it passes. In thirty-five miles there are thirteen tunnels and eighteen viaducts. The latter were made before the use of iron was introduced, and are, therefore, conspicuous for their massy strength and solidity. The construction of this part of the line cost $300,000

ON THE BRUNIG RAILWAY—NEAR THE GROSSBACH BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARD MEIRINGEN.

per mile. Some of the bridges have stone piers one hundred and ten feet high, structures compared with which the great works of the Romans sink into insignificance.

The bright spring foliage clothed every mountain slope; the aromatic breath of the forest was wafted from every side. Larches, elms, and, as I went south, the glossy leaves of the chestnuts mantled the steep hillsides. Far below sank the valleys, above rose the Schneeberg and other snow-clad mountains. In addition to my Baedeker I had a local guide-book with numerous illustrations, and was able to recognize distinctly every one of the famous bridges, viaducts and points of view shown in the accompanying engravings.

On my last trip abroad I had spent a good deal of money in Egypt, Syria and Turkey, and on my journey from Constantinople to Antwerp, which I made alone, I travelled economically, most of the way in third-class coaches, and thereby saw more of the native population, and had very excellent company.

A wealthy tourist was asked why he rode in a third-class car. He replied, because there was no fourth-class. In Austria and Germany one has not that excuse. As they make a difference between fast and slow trains, there are even more than four prices. Once I made the experiment of a ride in a fourth-class car to see what it was like. I cannot very highly recommend it for comfort. It was very much like our American cattle cars, without seats, and without even straps to hold on by, as in our crowded street-cars. I had my valise to sit on and so was comfortable enough.

In many places on the St. Gotthard and other Swiss railways huge rocks overhang the track, and sometimes steep, strong masonry is used to support the impending cliffs. This strong masonry is also necessary to prevent the avalanches from sweeping away the line. The deep and

HOLLENTHAL—VALLEY OF HELL.

yawning abysses and other aspects of the valleys receive grotesque names, often connected with the nether world, as the "Valley of Hell," "The Devil's Bridge," "The Devil's Stone," etc.

It seems a strong perversion of taste to attribute these sublime and magnificent aspects of nature to the Prince of Evil; but it is a survival of the superstitions of mediaeval times.

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified.

—*Lowell.*

THE ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. J. COOPER ANTLIFF, M.A., D.D.

Though our Bible is a printed book, we often speak of it under the name of the Holy Scriptures, which term reminds us that formerly it was written. Before printing was invented, which is now almost four hundred and fifty years ago, the multiplication of copies of the Bible was a long and tedious business, for every letter was copied by the hand. Hence we have the term manuscripts or hand-writings. The writers were generally monks who toiled away in their lonely cells; sometimes the scribe would attach a note giving his name, as in the case of a manuscript at Ferrara, in Italy, where the copyist signs himself, "Nicodemus, the stranger." He states he began the work on June 8th, 1334, and finished it on July 15th following, "working very hard." To write out the whole Bible in so short a time was something the monk might justly commemorate. It is worthy of note that the first complete Bible was printed in A.D. 1456.*

The story of the preservation and discovery of the ancient manuscripts of the Bible is one full of interest, and though familiar doubtless to many of the readers of The Methodist Magazine and Review, is not so generally known as is desirable. We wish in this article to give in a simple and concise form some particulars of at least the most important of these manuscripts.

At the beginning we may call attention to the materials employed in ancient times in writing. Sometimes the writing was on clay-cylinders, and amongst the most interesting of modern discoveries have been the clay-cylinders of Babylon. Within the past few years quite a literature has been disinterred, consisting not only of the records of important political events, but also of business and domestic transactions.

The ancient Egyptians employed tablets of clay on which to inscribe their histories. In 1883 a poor Egyptian labourer in digging in what is known as the Nitrian Desert, which is some one hundred and twenty miles south of Cairo, came upon some clay-tablets to which he called the at-

* In Longfellow's "Golden Legend" is a beautiful passage expressing the feelings of the Friar Pacificus as he is transcribing and illuminating a copy of the Gospels in the Scriptorium of the monastery. The poem reads in part as follows:

It is growing dark! Yet one line more,
And then my work for to-day is o'er.
I come again to the name of the Lord!
Ere I that awful name record,
That is spoken so lightly among men,
Let me pause awhile, and wash my pen;
Pure from blemish and blot must it be,
When it writes that word of mystery!

Thus have I laboured on and on,
Nearly through the Gospel of John.
Can it be that from the lips
Of this same gentle Evangelist,
That Christ Himself perhaps has kissed,
Came the dread Apocalypse!
It has a very awful look,
As it stands there at the end of the Book,
Like the sun in an eclipse.
Ah me! when I think of that vision divine,
Think of writing it, line by line,
I stand in awe of the terrible curse,
Like the trump of doom, in the closing verse.
God forgive me! if ever I
Take aught from the book of that prophecy,
Lest my part too should be taken away
From the Book of Life on the Judgment Day.

There, now, is an initial letter!
King René himself never made a better!
Finished down to the leaf and the snail,
Down to the eyes on the peacock's tail!

tention of those interested in archaeological studies. This incident led to the recovery of what are known as the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, which have proved a singularly valuable "find," and have thrown a flood of light on many problems concerning Egypt, Babylon and the neighbouring countries. They were written about a century before the exodus of the Israelites. Recent explorations in the neighbourhood of Nippur have exhumed writings which reach back to B.C. 2500. Though the alphabet of the language contains six hundred letters, they can be read with comparative ease by Semitic scholars.

Besides these clay-cylinders and tablets, the ancients also used stones on which to write their records. The story of the finding and deciphering of the Rosetta and Moabite stones is well known.

In addition to clay and stone, another material used, and that very generally, was papyrus; this was made from the pith of the bulrush. Our word paper is derived from the word papyrus. It was pressed into thin layers, and a sharpened reed or a camel's hair brush was used in writing on it. Fortunately the dry climate of Egypt was favourable for its preservation, so that we have writing on this material that is thousands of years old; and it is surmised that buried in the dry sand of Egypt there are still awaiting the explorer documents of great importance and value. The ink used in writing on the papyrus was compounded of powdered charcoal, lampblack or burnt ivory mixed with the lees of wine or some kind of gum. It is probable that the books of our New Testament were first written on papyrus (see

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And now, as I turn the volume over,
And see what lies between cover and cover,
What treasures of art these pages hold,
All ablaze with crimson and gold,
God forgive me! I seem to feel
A certain satisfaction steal
Into my heart, and into my brain,
As if my talent had not lain
Wrapped in a napkin, and all in vain.
Yes, I might almost say to the Lord,
Here is a copy of Thy Word,
Written out with much toil and pain;
Take it, O Lord, and let it be
As something I have done for Thee!

Silvestre's Paléographie Universelle, of which a beautiful copy is in the Toronto University Library, contains a vast number of fac-similes of the most beautiful illuminated manuscripts of all ages and all countries. It also gives specimens of the colophons with which, as with a satisfactory flourish of the pen, the writers closed their long-continued labours. Many of these are very curious; expressing joy, humility, remorse; entreating the reader's prayers and pardon for the writer's sins; and sometimes pronouncing a malediction on any one who should steal the book. A few of these we subjoin:

"Sicut est dulcis navigantibus portus
Sic est scriptori novissimus versus."

"As pilgrims rejoice, beholding their native land, so are transcribers made glad, beholding the end of a book."

"Ye who read, pray for me who have written this book, the humble and sinful Theodulus."

"As many therefore as shall read this book, pardon me, I beseech you, if aught I have erred in accent acute and grave, in apostrophe, in breathing soft or aspirate; and may God save you all! amen!"

"Ye who read, pray for me, the most sinful of all men, for the Lord's sake."

"The hand that has written this book shall decay, alas! and become dust, and go down to the grave—the corrupter of all bodies. But all ye who are of the portion of Christ, pray that I may obtain the pardon of my sins. Again and again I beseech you with tears, brothers and fathers, accept my miserable supplications, O holy choir! I am called John, woe is me! I am called Hiereus, or Sacerdos, in name only, not in unction."

"Whoever shall carry away this book, without permission of the Pope, may he incur the malediction of the Holy Trinity, of the Holy Mother of God, of St. John the Baptist, of the one hundred and eighteen holy Nicene Fathers, and of all the Saints; the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah; and the halter of Judas! Anathema, Amen."

"Keep safe, O Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, my three fingers, with which I have written this book."

"Mathusalas Machir transcribed this divinest book in toil, infirmity, and dangers many."

2 John 12), though afterwards more durable materials were used.

These were vellum, prepared from the skins of calves and young antelopes, which is at once fine, light and durable; and parchment, made from the skins of goats, which though coarser than vellum is very suitable for documents that were to be preserved. A stylus or pen of iron was used for writing on these materials.

The manuscripts of the books of the Bible were in the first instance in the form of rolls, hence the name volume; but the oldest manuscripts in our possession are in the form of books. If we had stood in the Christian assembly at Ephesus when Paul's epistle was read we should probably have seen a roll of white or light yellow material about four feet long and ten inches in height; or if we had seen the reader in one of the Christian churches of the first century taking up "the Acts of the Apostles," we should have seen a roll of some thirty feet in length, or it might have been divided into sections. Had he been reading from the Old Testament, the roll probably would have been not of papyrus but of vellum or parchment.

While we do not possess even the smallest scrap of the original documents of the Old and New Testaments, we have good reason to believe that the Scriptures we possess give us their teaching without any errors that are of importance either in relation to morals or doctrines. That this is so will appear as we proceed in our consideration of the ancient manuscripts which have come down to our time. We will first consider those of the Old Testament and then those of the New Testament.

From the time that Moses wrote the first book of the Old Testament Canon till the last of the prophets had written down his message, we have a literature increasing in bulk and importance. The sacred rolls in which this literature was enshrined were copied not for general use, as was the case with the New Testament, but for the use of the synagogues established throughout the Holy Land and adjacent countries. In the course of time this copying was done by a professional class known as the Scribes. The doctors of the Jewish law drew up a series of strict rules for the direction of the Scribes, which are embodied in the Talmudic tract Sopherim, as it was considered of the greatest importance to preserve a correct text. When a copy became defective from any cause it was consigned to the "Gheniza," or lumber-cupboard; and if the "Gheniza" became overcrowded it was the custom to bury the disused copies in the ground. This will partly account for the scarcity of ancient copies of the Hebrew Scriptures; for though there are some two thousand manuscripts in existence, they are all comparatively modern. Excepting the Samaritan Pentateuch, of which we shall say more shortly, the oldest Hebrew manuscript of the Old Testament is five hundred years later than the earliest Greek manuscript of the New Testament. The oldest manuscript of the Hebrew Bible, containing a date which is accepted as reliable, is a manuscript of the Prophets in St. Petersburg, and bears the date A.D. 916.

But though the St. Petersburg manuscript is the oldest bearing a reliable date, there is a Hebrew manuscript in the British Museum which is believed to be older still. "Its writing is of an earlier type than that of the earliest copies of which the precise date is known, and it is consequently supposed to have been written not later than

doubt that the manuscripts that existed before the Septuagint version was made were of the same general character as these in our possession.

Another version is the Latin one made in his cell at Bethlehem by Jerome, which has been of great influence in the Christian Church. This version, known as the Vulgate, which was made in the fourth century of our era is still used as the Bible of the Roman Catholic Church. If our readers will turn to the number of this Magazine for last December they will find much interesting information on the great versions in an article by Principal Shaw, LL.D., entitled, "The People's Bibles in the Early Church."

We will now consider the most important of the eighteen hundred ancient manuscripts of the New Testament. These are divided into two great classes—uncials and cursives or minuscules. These terms indicate the style of the penmanship in which they are written; the former is from the Latin uncia, an inch; and though the letters are not actually this size, yet as they are all capitals and separated from each other the name was very suitable. The term cursive indicates the style of writing which dates from the ninth century, and is like our modern running-hand writing.

The uncials are the more important as they are of greater antiquity. They are designated by the letters of the alphabet, while the cursives are numbered. The great uncials are the Codices Sinaiticus, Vaticanus, Alexandrinus and Ephraemi. Their symbols are respectively Aleph (the Hebrew letter representing our English A,) B, A and C. They are deposited respectively in St. Petersburg, Rome, London, and Paris. A brief account of each must suffice.

Codex Sinaiticus (Aleph). This manuscript was discovered by the great German scholar, Dr. Tischendorf, and its discovery was made in a very romantic fashion. Dr. Tischendorf in A.D. 1844, then in his thirtieth year, set out to visit Eastern monasteries in the hope of discovering ancient manuscripts that might be of service in the work of Biblical criticism to which he was devoting his life. In his travels he came to the Greek convent of St. Catherine at the foot of Mount Sinai. Here he found a large and valuable library which, however, the resident monks did not seem to appreciate. After surveying the library he noticed a basket containing some stray leaves, which his practised eye told him were written in older Greek characters than he had ever before seen. He was informed that the leaves were for lighting a fire, and that two baskets full of similar leaves had already been consumed. He found that the leaves were from a manuscript of the Bible and obtained permission to retain them. They numbered forty-three, and he learned that there were eighty more similar ones, but he had manifested such extreme delight in obtaining them, that the monks began to surmise that they were of no ordinary value, and consequently refused to part with the others.

Tischendorf returned to Europe and deposited his treasure in the library of Leipsic University. These leaves contained all of Nehemiah and Esther and some other detached portions of the Old Testament. In 1853 he again visited the convent and endeavoured to obtain the remainder of the Codex, but the monks were obdurate. In 1856 the subject was brought to the attention of the Greek court, and eventually, in 1859, Tischendorf again set out

for the convent, bearing letters from the Czar, Alexander II., and dignitaries of the Greek Church. For some time after his arrival it seemed as if he was doomed to failure; but three days before the date he had arranged to leave the convent, he took a long walk with the steward of the convent, who on their return invited him to sup with him in his apartment. In the course of the evening the conversation turned on the Septuagint, a critical edition of which Tischendorf had recently published.

The steward remarked, "I too have been reading the Septuagint lately," and going to a corner of his cell he brought out a bulky volume wrapped in a red cloth. To the glad surprise of the German scholar, he perceived that this was the very Codex he had been so earnestly longing to obtain for fifteen years. Not only was there in his hands part of the Old Testament, but the complete New Testament. Having learned a lesson by his former experience, he concealed his emotions and asked permission to take the manuscript to his own room. He spent the night in examining it, for "that night it seemed sacrilege to sleep."

He subsequently obtained permission to copy it, then to carry it to Russia, and finally the monks presented it to the Czar, who placed it in the library of St. Petersburg, where it has since remained as one of the greatest treasures of the empire.

In 1862 an edition of three hundred copies of the Codex in facsimile was published by the Czar in four volumes; one of these copies may be seen in the library of the Wesleyan College, Montreal. The following is a description of the Codex: It has three hundred and forty-six and a half leaves, thirteen and a half inches wide by nearly fifteen inches long, and it is believed to have been written in the fourth century.

Codex Vaticanus (B). This manuscript Tischendorf believes to be of about the same date as the Sinaitic—of the fourth century. Dr. Kenyon, of the British Museum, says: "It is the most ancient and most valuable of all the manuscripts of the Greek Bible." Its name is derived from the library in Rome, in which it is deposited, and where—except in a brief interval (1808-1815) when Napoleon I. took it, as one of the prizes of his victory, to Paris—it has lain more than five hundred years. It was while it was in Paris that its great value was discovered by the eminent Biblical scholar, Professor Hug. The custodians of the Vatican Library for some reason or other refused to allow it to be consulted by scholars, who earnestly desired to take advantage of its readings. In 1843 Tischendorf got permission to see it, but only for six hours. Two years afterwards the eminent English scholar, Dr. Tregelles, was allowed to see it, but on condition he did not copy a single word. In 1857 Cardinal Mai published an edition of it, but it was so full of errors as to be of little use. In 1866 Tischendorf got permission to collate certain passages, but on his attempting to fully copy some passages the permission was withdrawn. By earnest entreaty, however, he afterwards had the privilege restored. He made such good use of the time allowed him, forty-two hours in all, that in 1867 he published an edition of it. The Vatican authorities in 1889-90 published a photographic facsimile of the Codex, which made it accessible to all.

The manuscript is written on fine vellum, and the characters are simple and unadorned, with three

columns to the page. There are seven hundred and fifty leaves, of which one hundred and forty-six belong to the New Testament. The Old Testament is wanting from Genesis i. to the 28th verse of chapter xlvi., also Psalms 106-138. In the New Testament there are wanting the latter part of Hebrews (from chapter ix. 4), the Catholic Epistles and the Book of the Revelation.

Codex Alexandrinus (A). This manuscript dates from the fifth century, and consequently belongs to the century following that in which the two former were written. It is, however, of great importance, since it was the first great manuscript applied to the criticism of the Received Text. Its early history is unknown, for scholars place no reliance on the statement that it was written by St. Thecla, a famous Christian lady confessor, and a reputed pupil of St. Paul. It was probably brought from Alexandria in Egypt—whence its name—by Cyril Lucar, patriarch of Constantinople, who in 1628 presented it to the English King, Charles I. When the British Museum was founded in 1753, King George II. presented it to that noble institution, where it is carefully preserved in a glass case. It is defective in several parts of both the Old and New Testaments, the latter beginning at the sixth verse of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew. Portions of John's Gospel and the Second Epistle to the Corinthians are also wanting.

A photographic facsimile of the whole Codex, in four volumes, was published in 1879-83. A copy of this, as also of the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS., is in the library of the Wesleyan College, Montreal.

Codex Ephraemi (C). This manuscript was brought from the East to Italy by Lascar, a learned Greek, in the sixteenth century, and was brought to Paris by the famous Catherine de Medici. It is a palimpsest, that is, a Biblical manuscript overwritten by another manuscript. The later writing consists of sermons by St. Ephraem, the great Syrian preacher, who lived in the fourth century. When vellum was scarce, it was not unusual in the Middle Ages to erase the first writing from the vellum as far as possible, and then to use it for what might be considered a more important work; but the erasure was only partial, and at times the old ink seemed to recover its colour, and appeared legible under the fresher writing. The reappearance can also be aided by the use of certain chemicals.

The first writing on Codex C is believed to be of the fifth century, and the second—the writing of St. Ephraem—probably of the twelfth century. Though at first the manuscript contained the whole Bible, there are now only sixty-four leaves of the Old Testament, and one hundred and forty-five (out of two hundred and thirty-eight) of the New Testament. The principal decipherer of this palimpsest was Tischendorf, who by this tedious work increased the obligations of Biblical critics for his eminent services.

Of the other uncials—upwards of a hundred—we have not space to write, but must briefly refer to the second class of manuscripts—the Cursives. These, which are very numerous, range in date from the ninth century to the invention of printing. They are only occasionally of special service to the Biblical critic, as when they are copies of some much older manuscript which has been lost. The two most important Cursives are those numbered 33 and 61. The former is known as "The Queen of Cursives," and contains some of the Prophets and all the New

Testament except the Apocalypse. The latter, No. 61, which is in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, contains the whole New Testament.

Any of the readers of this article who wish to pursue the study of the ancient manuscripts of the Bible further may find much to interest them in "The Parchments of the Faith," by Dr. Merrill, and "Our Bible and the Ancient Manuscripts," by Dr. F. G. Kenyon.

In conclusion, we may remark that though the manuscripts of the New Testament are not the autographs of the inspired writers, yet they approach nearer the time when the originals were written than do the ancient manuscripts of the great classic writers. It has been well said: "The great histories of antiquity have their text founded upon such few and such late manuscripts that we may fairly say that, in comparison, the Bible is founded upon a rock. Of Herodotus there are only fifteen manuscripts, and none older than the tenth century, A.D., and the oldest manuscript of Thucydides is of the eleventh century."

Our concluding observation is that although there are differences in the manuscripts, and consequently evidently errors, these differences are often only of spelling or the position of words. Dr. Hort has calculated that there is only one-sixtieth of the readings about which there can be any real uncertainty, so we may accept with confidence the statement that the Bible as we have it is the very Word of God.

WE BUILD THE LADDER.

BY S. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit, round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
  That a noble deed is a step toward God,
  Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet,
  By what we have mastered of greed and gain,
  By the pride disposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray,
  And we think that we mount the air on wings,
  Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men!
  We may borrow the wings to find the way;
  We may hope and aspire and resolve and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
  From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
  But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
  But we build the ladder by which we rise
  From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

moment she never felt any doubt as to the true nature of her disease. Her physician reluctantly admitted that her diagnosis seemed correct, and sent her to an eminent specialist in New York, who confirmed her opinion of the case. Later two noted physicians in London, and also one in Bombay, were consulted with the same result. It will probably always remain a mystery how Miss Reed contracted leprosy, as it is not known that she was ever exposed to it in any way. She herself simply explains it as a providential visitation, the seal of her divine appointment to work among the lepers, and very beautifully quotes:

> "No chance has brought this ill to me;
> 'Tis God's sweet will, so let it be;
> He seeth what I cannot see.
>
> "There is a *need be* for each pain;
> And He will make it one day plain
> That earthly loss is heavenly gain."

As soon as the necessary preparations could be made Miss Reed bade good-bye to home and loved ones and hurried back to India, crossing to England in the same steamer which carried the Epworth League pilgrims to the Old World in the summer of 1891. I shall never forget the autumn evening when the news first reached me which fell with such crushing weight on so many hearts. It came in a letter from Mrs. Cowen, of Cincinnati, a sister of Bishop Thoburn, and one whom Miss Reed affectionately calls "My Missionary Mother." Almost the first words my eyes fell upon were the appalling ones, "Mary Reed is a leper!" After a little while I read on through blinding tears, "Pray for her mother; she has just learned the sad news; Mary did not tell her when she went away; she did not even kiss her good-bye!" She told her that for a special reason to be explained later she would not kiss her. She knew she was a leper. Oh, the pathos and the pity of it! I thought of the mother in her heart-breaking sorrow, who could never hope to see her daughter's face again on earth. Then I thought of the daughter, devoted, heroic, journeying for the last time toward the far-away East. How vividly the days spent with her in India came back to me!

One experience especially stood out in my memory. During a second visit I made to Cawnpore I attended a Christmas celebration for the lepers. About five hundred were gathered on a grassy common in a retired quarter of the city—poor mutilated creatures, in all stages of the disease. It was a pathetic sight to see them crouched on the ground, listening with eager interest while the missionaries sang and prayed and then told how Jesus healed the lepers of old and how He still loves them, and though He may not now work a miracle and cure their bodies He will enter their hearts, if they will but let Him, and make them clean and whole. At the close of the exercises each leper was given a warm blanket and a handful of salt. On account of its high price in North India salt is a luxury with the poor people. Miss Reed and I stood side by side and looked pityingly on while the lepers filed slowly past us to receive their gifts. Many whose feet were reduced to mere stumps walked with the greatest difficulty. As each poor sufferer in turn came to the front the missionary in charge threw a blanket across his shoulders—for in most cases his hands were too maimed to hold it—and then made a bag in a corner of his outside garment in which the salt was poured. I well remember what a relief it was to me that day to return to Miss Reed's cheerful

home and try to shut out from my mind for a while the saddening and loathsome sights of the morning.

Only a missionary knows the longing of the heart for companionship in a pagan land. And must Miss Reed henceforth be denied all these sweet comforts? I asked myself. May she never again join her co-labourers in the Conference prayer-meetings? Never again feel their arms thrown around her in loving embrace? Never even sit down to eat with them at the same table? Oh, the unutterable loneliness of such a life! Can she endure it?

But in the meantime how tenderly was the loving Father guarding and guiding His child! In London she became acquainted with an American lady from New England, with whom she travelled across the continent. This friend describes most touchingly the days they spent together:

"I wondered instinctively at the ivory pallour of that sweet face and at the cruel spot that disfigured it, so different from anything I had ever seen. I wondered, too, as the days went by, why the forefinger, always covered with a white cot, refused to yield to healing remedies. I was not surprised when she asked permission to accompany us on our journey southward, which for the Master's sake was readily granted, although we did not think she was able to travel rapidly from place to place. Tears were in her eyes when she came to my room for the answer, and she said, 'I think God has sent you here in answer to my prayers.' Then she told me how with unwavering faith she had prayed and waited many days for some one to come with whom she could travel a part of her long overland journey to Brindisi, where she was to meet the steamer for India. Sympathy grew between us, and though the signs of some dread disease were ever present to my eyes my lips were silent.

"As I came to know her better, I found that her heart craved companionship. Under the smiling English skies of Canterbury we walked up to St. Martin's, the little church whose memories go back at least thirteen hundred years. Near the chancel the English lassie who guided us stopped and, pointing to an opening in the thick wall, said, 'That is the leper's squint.' The poor sufferers, creeping to the sanctuary in olden times, might only listen from without to the words of life. Eloquent though mute are such barriers raised and maintained between life and death! If I had known then what I knew afterward my heart would have bled for the woman at my side. Calmly she stood there before us with a heavenly light in her eyes, not a muscle of her face betraying her heart's secret. In the grand old cathedral we paused before the stone staircase leading to A-Becket's shrine, and gazed long at the hollows worn by the kneeling, praying pilgrims. She was making that journey, so full of pleasure to us, literally on her knees, sustained and comforted by the power of prayer.

"Here and there we held sweet hours of communion, and I, who had been accustomed to see missionaries seeking America when in her feeble condition, could not refrain from asking if it was right for her to return to India at an unfavourable season, before her health was established. Her lips quivered, but her gentle pleading voice grew steady as she replied, 'My Father knows the way I go, and I am sure it is the right way;' and at another time she said, 'I am returning to India under conditions in which no other missionary ever returned.'

"It was in Paris that she sang to me the hymns she loved so well,

those song-prayers that must have ascended like incense to the ear of her Father. It was in Paris that she said one evening, 'If I thought it was right, and you would promise never to speak of it until you heard it in some other way, I should tell you my story.' I told her if aught in me inspired confidence that was the surest safeguard of her secret. On memory's walls there will hang while time lasts for me the picture of that scene. A wax taper burned dimly on the table beside her open Bible, that Book of all books from whose pages she received daily consolation; and while without Paris was turning night to day with light and music and wine, within, Mary Reed's gentle voice, faltering only at her mother's name and coming sorrow, told the secret of her affliction. As my throbbing heart caught its first glimpse of her meaning I covered my face to shut out the swiftly rising vision of her future even to the bitter end, and almost in agony I cried out, 'Oh, not that! do not tell me that has come to you.' And when in calmer moments I said that all Christians ought to unite in prayer for her recovery her only response was, 'I have not yet received any assurance of healing; perhaps I can serve my Father better thus.'

"I come with sorrow to my last evening with Miss Reed. I sat in the shadow and she where the full moon, rising over the snowy mountains, just touched with a glory that loved to linger, her pale, sweet face. Again I heard her voice in song:

> 'Straight to my home above
> I travel calmly on;
> And sing, in life or death,
> My Lord, thy will be done.'

"On the shores of Lake Lucerne hand clasped hand for the last time on earth, and, with eyes blinded by gathering tears, our farewell was whispered, 'God be with you till we meet again.'"

From the earliest times India has been peculiarly subject to leprosy. The last official report gives the number of lepers in the country as 131,618. No cure has been found for this dreaded disease, though certain medicines are known to retard and even in some cases to arrest its progress. Medical authorities differ widely as to the danger fom contagion. Bishop Thoburn says: "There are several varieties of leprosy, and none of them are at all contagious unless the skin is broken, which is not always the case, or when broken the affected part is brought into contact with a cut or abrasion of some kind on the skin of a healthy person. Those of us who have lived long in India have practically ceased to be afraid of the lepers."

Still, the English Government has increasingly felt the wisdom of segregating the lepers as a precautionary measure, and only the expense involved has delayed the work so long. There are a few asylums, but their number is wholly inadequate to the needs. The only missionary society that works exclusively among this neglected class, though largely through the medium of existing agencies, is a Scotch and Irish organization called the "Mission to Lepers in India and the East." One of its asylums is at Chandag Heights, among the Himalaya Mountains, and is reached from the railway terminus at the base of the foothills by a nine days' journey on horseback, or in a dandi carried on the shoulders of natives. Miss Reed, on arriving in India, went at once to the north, and was made superintendent of this asylum.

Leprosy abounds in this fair mountain region as in scarcely any other district in India. Miss Reed writes: "I am told that within a

radius of ten miles there are more than four hundred patients who ought to be here in the asylum." Another missionary adds, however: "At first it is often difficult to persuade these wretched ones to enter the asylums. They know nothing of Christian philanthropy. What can be wanted of them but to put them to death? The few first gained are sometimes made use of by sending them out in carts to advertise to the others the comforts they may have." The last report gives the number of inmates at Chandag Heights as ninety-six, a large number of whom were Christians. The attendance has steadily increased each year since Miss Reed took charge of the work.

Besides the care of the asylum Miss Reed has the oversight of a very encouraging and rapidly growing work among the women and children in a number of the villages which lie scattered through the neighbouring valleys, and which she carries on by the aid of native Bible teachers and evangelists. This work is under the auspices of our home society and is supported by it.

What a marvellous testimony is it to the all-sufficiency of the divine Comforter in the darkest Gethsemane, when she can write home in words like these: "God has enabled me to say, not with a sigh, but with a song, Thy will be done." "I just couldn't tie myself down to my writing desk this morning in quietness of heart till I first sat down at my dear organ and played and sang with all the thirteen stops out,

> 'I am dwelling on the mountain,
> Where the golden sunlight gleams!'

"I see not trouble and sorrow ahead, but the joy of telling out among the heathen that our Saviour has power to save to the uttermost." And yet an intimate friend, referring to Miss Reed's affliction, says of her, "She is highly sensitive, and of all my acquaintances I know of no one who would by nature more loathe this complaint."

Soon after Miss Reed went back to India I received from her in a letter a little card of pressed ferns gathered near her mountain home. "These delicate ferns," she wrote, "will give you an inkling of the beauty that lies all about me, continually reminding me that the Mighty One is also the Loving One." On the back of the card were these beautiful verses of Miss Havergal's:

> "Alone, alone! yet round me stand
> God's mountains, still and grand!
> Still and grand, serene and bright,
> Sentinels clothed in armour white,
> And helmeted with scarlet light.
> His power is near,
> I need not fear.
> Beneath the shadow of His throne,
> Alone! alone! yet not alone.
>
> "Alone, alone! yet beneath me sleep
> The flowers His hand doth keep;
> Small and fair, by crag and dell,
> Trustfully closing star and bell,
> Eve by eve as twilight fell.
> His love is near,
> I need not fear.
> Beneath the shadow of His throne
> Alone, alone! yet not alone."

Below the verses were written the words: "Mary Reed, in India till the end of life." As I read them my thoughts went back to one afternoon in Cawnpore when, as Miss Reed stood with me on the veranda of her house, looking out over the tropical garden, she turned with sudden earnestness and said: "I want to stay and work in India till I am very old, but then I should like to go home to die. There is something inexpressibly sad to me about the thought of being buried in this land. A short time ago I was visiting one evening with an English lady living in the next compound. She appeared perfectly well, but the following morning

when I awoke I saw her being carried to the cemetery. She had been taken sick with cholera in the night, and in this hot climate it is necessary to bury the dead at once. The cemeteries here are not like ours, they seem so desolate and lonely. O yes, I hope I can die at home."

Dear Mary Reed! Did she think I would remember the conversation and wish to assure me that she was no longer possessed by the old dread? It was as if she would say. "Do not feel troubled about me; I no longer fear to die here, but can exclaim with the missionary who laid down her life on these shores a few years since, 'India is just as near heaven as America!'" So this noble woman works bravely and hopefully on, content to know that when her allotted task is finished she will be laid to rest on alien soil and under Orient skies, since it is only "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

NOTE.—We quote the following from the *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of April 27th:

"Now comes the word that Mary Reed *has been cured!* A military surgeon, an expert in the British army, and a fully trusted authority on the subject, says that she is cured as surely as that she once was a victim to the awful disease. The word of the surgeon who declares that the lady is cured is beyond challenge, and he says also that she is cured of indubitable leprosy.

"The theory in her case is that the bacillus that infected her has been extirpated by medicaments recently discovered in the advance of latest medical science. That is to say, just as diphtheria is curable by injections of antitoxin, so Miss Reed, in some manner not fully explained, has become a beneficiary of some other medicament, derived in some way as the like results of advance in modern medicine."

THE GLAD SOUL.

BY ADELINE M. TESKEY.

The first time I saw her was on the street. It was a shrunken little figure, below the medium height, attired in a plain black gown without frill or pucker; a black shawl draped the narrow drooping shoulders, and crowning all a bonnet, something after the Shaker order, covered over neatly and plainly with black silk.

This was all I saw, as mine was a profile view, and the bonnet from this view completely hid the face from the observer.

It was a passing glance I bestowed, and my thoughts for the moment ran after this fashion—"A commonplace little woman, with some prudish ideas about dress, ideas not of her own, but gotten by inheritance."

It was coming out of church I next saw her. I was walking down the aisle from the front, and she was seated in a back seat. There were a number of other women besides her, and in a careless way I hastily glanced at them all and looked away, but I looked back as quickly, for I could see right into the black bonnet now, and right into the face of the wearer. And such a face—so white—so pure—so glad. I had heard of saintly faces, but this did not impress me so much as that of a saint, which might imply suffering, as that of a glad soul.

It must have been an old face on that shrunken figure, but I saw no wrinkles, no marks or scars of time in that first glance, nothing but the glad soul looking out. I had travelled far and seen the beauties of many lands, I had been thrilled by feminine faces of sweet seventeen and sweeter seventy. There had crossed my

path "faces so fluid with expression, so flushed and rippled by the play of thought," that I could hardly find what the mere features really were, but this was the most joyous face that ever greeted my eyes.

Who could the woman be? Immediately I set to work to find out, and I found before leaving the church that Sunday morning that she had come to make her home with a married daughter who lived at the edge of the village, on a farm about a mile from the church.

Somehow that glad soul had a fascination for me, and I found myself Sunday after Sunday watching for her. I was acquainted with most of the people of the village and I knew she was not among this number when I left it some months before to escape the rigours of a Northern winter.

After a while there were seats put across the church which the Glad Soul—I write it in capital letters now, for in my mind I had given the old lady that name—and I attended, in front of the pews. In answer to my inquiry the sexton explained they were for the old folk who were "hard o' hearin'," and I went one morning to find the Glad Soul sitting some seats in front of me.

I could see her now without looking for her, and I learned after some weeks of observation that she was always on time, always in the same seat, and came with marked punctuality, rain or shine, carrying in her right hand, by its black ribbon handles, a paste-board box neatly covered with black, the cover tied down with black ribbons. This box I discovered contained her Bible and hymn-book, with just room for them and no more.

On bleak rainy days, when the other church-goers came in with a shiver or a shrug, and an expression of countenance which said more plainly than words, "Are not we martyrs to a good cause, to be out such weather as this?" the Glad Soul was more radiant than usual. Or did she only seem so in comparison with the tired, discouraged faces of the women? And once when Miss Grimshaw, who belonged to the choir and felt she must be there, addressing her, as she happened to walk down the aisle beside her, said complainingly, "Isn't it horrid weather?" with great emphasis on the "horrid," the Glad Soul beamed around on her and said, "It's God's weather." Miss Grimshaw glanced surprisedly down at the plain black bonnet and glowing face, giggled a little, but did not attempt any further conversation with the Glad Soul.

It is not probable, I thought, as I overheard the remark, that that old woman ever heard that Pippa said,

> "God's in His Heaven,
> All's right with the world;"

but how wonderfully she is living it.

I had it all argued out with myself that this Glad Soul had had an easier time in life than most people, that the pressing cares which had taken the joy out of other faces had somehow passed by her, and I determined to find out if my conclusions were not correct.

Well, fortune, or the weather, favoured my intentions. It happened in this way. While the worshippers were in church one Sunday morning in the late autumn, a squall blew up, with a flurry of fine snow and sleet. The congregation, the womankind, crowded into the vestibule, gathering up dainty skirts and wrapping themselves in waterproofs, many of them to step into carriages to

be driven home. The Glad Soul, where was she? I looked about to see her coming down the aisle about the last—she had stayed to tie up her Bible and hymn-book. She was minus rubbers and waterproof, but the same joy emanated from her countenance as did when the sky was blue and the sun shone.

"Why is that old woman not fretting about how she'll get home?" I asked myself. "A mile to walk, and nothing to protect her!" I watched her until she came down to the door, where she stood and looked out into the white, misty storm, as if away through, beyond and above it she saw some glorious vision and understood the reason of it all.

"I'll reward her faith," I said to myself again; "my pony and covered carriage are here. I'll take the Glad Soul home, and I'll get her to confess to me that trouble and care have never come near her life."

We had not gone very far when I led her by carefully put questions to tell me something of her past life. And I learned that her husband had been a blacksmith, that she had twelve children, buried two and raised ten. Her husband had died some years before, and since that time she had no home of her own, but had lived around in turn with her children.

By the time we reached the farm-house door, I was much humbler and wiser than when we started, although we had driven together for only one short mile.

My heart was full of strange questions, but before I had time to say any more the humble farm-house door flew open, and out sprang a stalwart young man to help his grandmother out of the carriage. The door swung ajar, and with one glance I took in—

"A quaint old room with rafters bare,
A low white bed, a rocking-chair,
A book, a stalk where a flower had been,
An open door, and all within
Peace and content."

As I drove home in the teeth of the storm, the fury of which had increased, my pony's feet—usually given over to frivolities—as they struck against the hard frozen ground seemed to keep reiterating, all the mile and a quarter I had to drive,

"It is the soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate.
If right itself, then all around is well;
If wrong it makes of all without a hell."

"JEHOVAH SHAMMAH."

BY S. M. BAKER HUDSON.

Around me closed the darkness, pall on pall;
Oppressive, cheerless, like the hand of death,
Till hope could scarcely draw one broken breath,
And knew not where to look, nor whom to call.
No sound of friendly voice! Nor gleam through all
The gloom! Till I bethought me of the lily's trust,
That bursts through clammy bonds of mire and must—
Nor fails to rise, nor ever fears to fall—
Until it kiss the gracious sun-kissed air,
Its own bright birthright everywhere!
Oh, gentle teacher! Oh, frail, fair thing!
By all thy silent, beauteous blossoming,
I stretch out patient hands of faith and prayer,
Agrope into the dark. *The Light is there!*

AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

BY DORA M. JONES,

Assistant Editor of "Travel."

FORT ST. JULIAN, AT ENTRANCE TO THE TAGUS.

I suppose no set of people ever went to sea more plentifully provided with the commodity known as Job's comfort than the party whose adventures I am about to chronicle. We were bound for the Mediterranean, and many were the dark presages as to our fate.

In about an hour from London we reached Tilbury, and had the pleasure of perceiving the long black side of the SS. Midnight Sun rising along the quay-side. There was the usual excitement incident to the departure of one hundred and sixty Britons, with impedimenta, from their native shores.

We passed through the dreaded Bay of Biscay, which put on its best behaviour for us. In the afternoon we ran into a shoal of porpoises, which kept up with the ship for some time, and created great amusement, leaping out of the water in pairs, like trained circus ponies.

At the mouth of the Tagus lies the little Fort St. Julian, backed by the mountains of Cintra. We soon found ourselves steaming up the river, with its smiling shores. Then the channel widened into a spacious harbour, gay with various kinds of shipping, big steamers, an ocean tramp or two, weather-beaten and shabby, and any amount of small sailing craft, manned by bronze-coloured sailors in blue cotton. Among these are a number of hay boats, presenting a picturesque outline against the sky.

In front of us was Lisbon, with its houses piled tier above tier to the summit of the amphitheatre of hills which surround the harbour. bathed in a sunshine which made us realize that at last we were in the South.

On reaching the quay we got into the carriages that were waiting for us, and drove through a handsome square, and past the market. The market was curious, with the great piles of grapes and melons, and the women in print skirts, woollen shawls, and gay silk handkerchiefs tied round their

heads, watching us with amusement in their black eyes. What struck us most in driving through the town, fresh from the gay North as we were, was the wealth of colour everywhere. Nearly all the houses were colour-washed, here a salmon-pink one, the next bright blue, then one with the lower stories heliotrope and the upper dark green. Many of them had narrow green-painted balconies nearly all the way up. On all the balconies and at all these windows, black-haired Portuguese women were lounging in loose print wraps or blouses.

Our next visit was to the Church and Convent of Belem (or Bethlehem), in a poor and straggling suburb, from which a tramcar runs to Lisbon. They were built near the old Moorish town of Belem to celebrate the discovery of Vasco da Gama. We passed into a lovely court built in an imitation of the Moorish style, with cloisters of fretted stonework all round and a gallery above. The court was full of green-fronded palms, grey aloes, and rosy-blossomed oleanders, thrown into rich relief by the warm yellow sandstone of the building and the unclouded blue of the sky above.

HAY BARGE IN THE TAGUS.

The Church of St. Roque, with its lapis-lazuli pillars, and panels of coloured marble, its gilt bronze-work, and the marvellous mosaics, which are said to have cost nearly £7,000,000, and to be among the finest in the world, was of very great interest.

Another terrible climb brought us to the Royal Palace, standing in a sort of park, planted with olives, acacias, eucalyptus, etc., which had a ragged and forlorn look to our English eyes. Here, as everywhere, except perhaps in the newest quarter of the town, we received an impression of melancholy and decay, the quays along which we passed had a semi-deserted look, the soldiers in their baggy canvas uniforms, the public buildings and conveyances, even the private carriages, were utterly wanting in that smartness, neatness, and attention to detail which form part of the English idea of comfort.

Not far distant is the statue of Vasco da Gama, the great Portuguese navigator, who first rounded the Cape of Good Hope, so nobly sung in the poem of Camoens. It is a colossal figure

of a knight in armour placed on a pedestal of natural rock piled on the summit of a mountain peak, and worthy of the adventurous navigator it was erected to commemorate.

As we traversed the poorer quarters of the town, we were struck with the stately carriage of the women, one old dame with a brown water pitcher on her head might have stood for a St. Anne of Murillo's. The dark-eyed children were bewitching in their lit-

ENTRANCE TO BELEM.

tle brown or blue shirts. Staggering up and down the hilly streets, we saw men carrying baggage on a yoke. The Lisbon porters are supposed to be exceptionally powerful, and it is said that one of these men has been seen to pick up a grand piano and carry it off on his head, but we do not vouch for the story.

There is something singularly impressive in Sunday morning services at sea. It is strange and sweet to think that the same prayers and psalms as are ascending from our little speck in the vast ocean are going up at home, and that while the sailors arrange the awnings and bring the seats on deck, and set up the improvised Communion table with its fair white cloth, the English church bells are calling to prayer, in which, perhaps, we are not forgotten.

"Tangier," said a wandering Ulysses, who happened to be on board with us, "is the dirtiest, filthiest place on the Mediterranean." It really looked like a vision of fairyland, or old romance, from our anchorage in the bay—the fortified quay, the white-walled, flat-roofed houses one above another, and the citadel wall surrounding it, all under a sky of blazing blue. The water of the harbour was bright green and alive with boats. Bronzed fellows with bare legs and arms, red fez, white or blue cotton shirts and trousers, and sashes of every conceivable shade, were rowing to and fro and exchanging amenities in Arabic, or what we concluded to be such. They objected to be kodaked, and one fellow who fancied that he was the mark for a photographer pulled his brown haik over his head, and lay in his boat like a big brown chrysalis.

We landed on the little quay, and tried to realize that Tangier was once an English possession, part of the dowry which Catherine of Braganza brought to Charles II. We struggled up a steep ascent to the gate of the citadel,

and found ourselves at once entangled in a horde of laden donkeys and their drivers in ragged burnouses, with flashing eyes and teeth. The town is a mere conglomeration of crooked lanes, shut in by white walls of houses with narrow windows, barred and grated, high up in the wall. At one point we heard a sound of monotonous chanting proceeding from an open door, and on looking in found a number of black-eyed children, apparently from three to eight years old, sitting on the floor around their turbaned and long-bearded teacher, and repeating their lesson after him. There was no furniture in the room, excepting a hanging shelf to hold books and one or two other little matters. The floor was covered with matting, on which the teacher and pupils squatted.

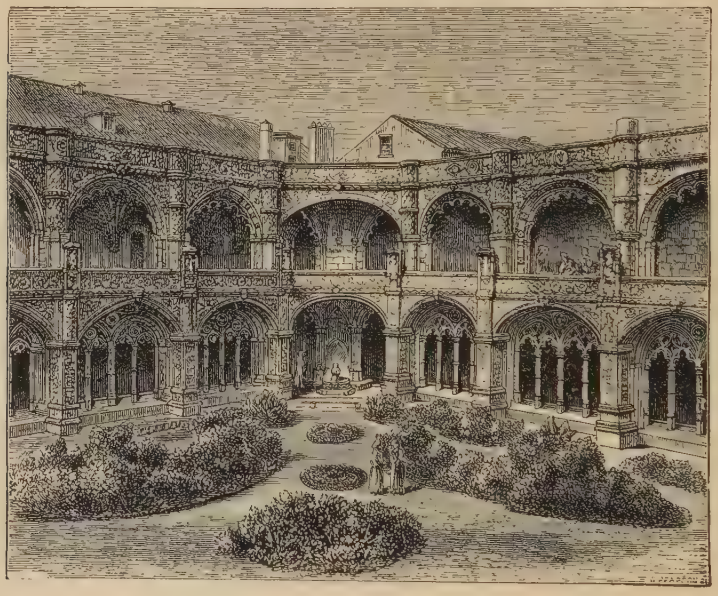
Emerging from the network of narrow lanes among which we had been wandering, we came out on a plateau close to the prison, from which a magnificent view of the town and harbour is to be had. It is here, we were told, that the flogging and other public executions take place. I could not help thinking what a mockery this lovely scene must seem to the eyes of tortured wretches brought here to suffer what the Oriental calls justice. The character of the penalties inflicted appears from the number of handless and footless creatures who crawl about Tangier, showing their mutilated stumps and craving for charity.

We went into the prison vestibule, where two or three fat Moors were standing or squatting about, and guns were hanging on the walls. By one or two loopholes we were enabled to peep into the common prison, which is a large, bare room, fairly lighted, and in which the occupants can move about as far as the long chains attached to their feet permit. As soon as they found out that they were being looked at, they all came rushing to the peephole with loud demands for alms. The government does not think itself bound to supply them with food, so that those who have no private means would starve were it not for the gifts which they receive. Even justice between man and man is unknown here; the only logic which the judge recognizes is a bribe, and if it is not forthcoming the accused man may languish in prison till death puts a term to his sufferings. The various consuls have their own police force to protect the interests of their own countrymen, or life would be hardly worth living in Tangier for a European. As it is there is a considerable colony of artists and invalids, occupying the pretty villas on the slopes of the hill outside the town.

We returned through the town, and the ladies of the party were privileged to visit the harem of the bashaw. A big brown slave girl in white muslin, with a gay girdle round her hips and pearl bracelets on her fat arms, met us at the door and led us through various passages into a court with arched and pillared cloisters running round it. Mats and rugs were spread on the tesselated pavement in a recess, and here the ladies were sitting with sweetmeats and needlework. They got up and shook hands with us, with smiles and compliments which we were unfortunate enough not to understand, and manifested the greatest interest in every detail of our dress. They were very graceful creatures, dressed in white, with white handkerchiefs tied over the head and quite concealing the hair, bare arms, and wide, loose girdles. One, I thought, had a tragic face, but most of them reminded one of nothing so much as

tame rabbits. The room upstairs to which we were conducted for the sake of the view over the harbour, had a painted iron bedstead in it, and a chest of drawers which might have come out of a second-hand furniture shop in the Tottenham Court Road, and the sight of which rather dispelled our illusions.

We returned through the principal street of the town, which descends steeply to the harbour. We saw a few shops in the Eurosaddle consists of a sort of mattress on which you have to perch yourself as you can without even the aid of a stirrup—and set forth. Our little donkey-boys were pretty, and some of them very clever, speaking two or three languages. Every now and then we came upon some little domed and whitewashed Moorish house, "like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." Up and down we went, along the dusty, stony track, with the gray foliage of the acacia and olive



CLOISTER COURT, BELEM.

pean style, but, generally speaking, the owner sat on the counter or on the floor with his goods arranged on shelves behind him and on either side. We saw tailors, smiths, and shoemakers carrying on their trades in these little ground-floor rooms lighted only from the door, and without either window or stairs.

After lunch we prepared to ride forth and explore the country.

We mounted our donkeys—no very easy matter when the sole shadowing the road. There were olive-yards and orange-gardens here and there. I had to contend with a disposition on the part of my donkey to throw me off into a prickly-pear hedge whenever opportunity arose.

It was getting rather late, and the Tangerians in charge of "Moses' boats," declared it to be impossible to bring them up to the beach, as the tide was down. We had therefore to be carried out to the boats, for which service our

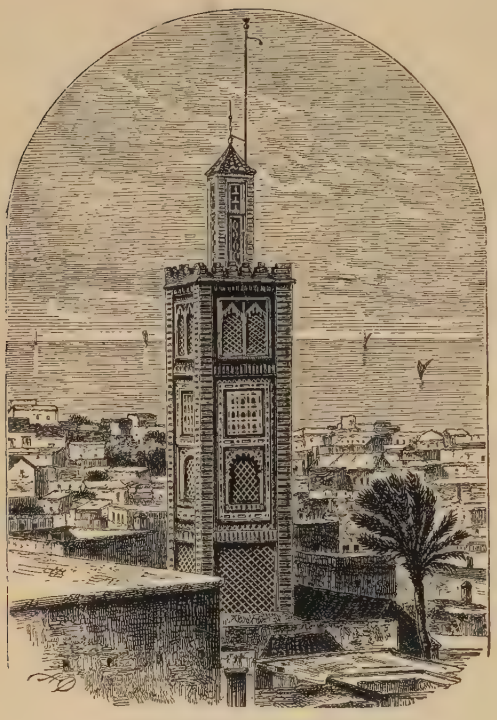
Arab friends demanded exorbitant backsheesh, and then departed with wild gyrations of triumph. Our boatmen also sent the hat round between the shore and the ship, and threatened to keep us there indefinitely if their demands were not complied with. We were a large boatful, however, and we made them hear reason. Two of our companions, who had come off in a little boat by themselves, were held at ransom by the two picturesque ruffians who rowed them, and who kept paddling them round and round at a hopeless distance from the ship until they handed over the amount demanded.

MONUMENT OF VASCO DA GAMA, NEAR LISBON.

Sir Lambert Playfair gave a lecture on Northern Africa and its history. He playfully advised the ladies to supply themselves with extra pocket-handkerchiefs, and in all seriousness, if ever "tears to human suffering were due," they are called for by the victims of the pirates of Algiers. Christian slavery in North Africa was the subject of the address, which dealt briefly with the rise of the Mohammedan power in North Africa, the establishment of the Saracens in Sicily and Spain, and the deeds of the Mediterranean pirates who sallied forth from their fortresses at Tunis and Algiers to harass and capture merchant vessels of every nation, dooming crews and passengers to a hopeless captivity. The most disgraceful part of the business was that though any of the European powers could easily, at any time, have brought the Dey of Algiers to reason, their mutual jealousy would not permit of this solution, and the pirate state was flattered and cajoled by each of the Christian nations in succession, as it seemed likely to be a foil in the side of a neighbour.

At last the conscience of Europe could endure this sore in its body politic no longer, and Lord Exmouth's decisive action in 1816 abolished Christian slavery for the time being. But it was not finally rooted out till the occupation of Algeria by French troops some time after.

There is a civilized and progressive atmosphere about Algiers. The Boulevarde de la Republique, with its handsome blocks of offices, skirts the quay, and behind this is



MOSLEM TOWER, TANGIER.

the Bab-el-Azoun, with crowds of Arabs in all the colours of the rainbow rubbing shoulders with sober-tinted Europeans. We engaged an Arab youth, red-turbaned, red-slippered, and for the rest an indescribable bundle of yellow rags, to convey us through the Moorish quarter.

There is a sharp division between the ancient and the modern town of Algiers, marked by the Rue de la Lyre, which runs parallel with the quay. Crossing this you find yourself in another world. There are no streets, strictly speaking, only passages of endless stairs, hemmed in on either side by high houses, with narrow barred windows and projecting balconies, almost shutting out the sky.

The shops were merely dark caves formed by the taking away of the ground floor front, and here the Arab squats among his goods, and conducts endless diplomatic intrigues over the disposal of a brass tray or a piece of embroidery. The traveller must make up his mind to be taxed heavily in his Eastern shopping, either in money or time. If he can afford to spend an hour and a half over each purchase, he may succeed in bringing down the price to something like the real value of the article. If not, he must submit to be mulcted considerably by the sons of Islam.

Out of breath with climbing, we finally emerged on the platform at the top of the hill, at the gate of the ancient kasbah, or citadel, now used as barracks. There is a clumsy-looking salmon-pink tower at the tower at the corner, with a projecting green turret. And here took place that famous episode, when the last

ARAB QUARTER, ALGIERS.

Dey, on some remonstrance from the French ambassador, struck him in the face with his fan, thus furnishing a pretext for the French occupation.

The sky was brilliantly clear, and the sea of the true Mediterranean colour. Off we went through Mustapha Superieure, the French residential suburb of Algiers, up a steep hill, past the villa of the Governor with its lovely green-blue, like the tints on the neck of a peacock, and the cliffs along which we were coasting glowed like the heart of a dusky rose. Soon we had a good view of the Promontory of Carthage, the white houses of La Marsa, the Bey's residence on the headland, then the Acropolis, once girdled with fortresses and crowned with temples, now a bare mound, with the white cathedral, dedicated to

ALGIERS—THE ARAB QUARTER.

garden, and out into the open country. The air was exhilarating as champagne, and every turn of the road gave us a fresh view of the bay, and the intense sapphire blue of the open sea. Far in the distance lay the mighty range of Atlas, with the verdant and smiling Metidja between.

I never in my life saw anything to approach for beauty the colouring of the coast as we entered the Bay of Tunis this morning. The sea was a rich and brilliant St. Louis, standing out conspicuously against the sky.

We were landed at La Goulette, formerly the port of Tunis. As we drew near the Cathedral, I thought how persistently the Cross returns to every position it has once occupied. Behind the Basilica is the Carmelite Convent and Museum, also founded by the late Cardinal Lavigerie, and containing the results of recent exploration on the site of old Carthage. All these buildings are on the

AN ARAB SCHOOL.

Acropolis of Carthage. Beneath our feet, piled into mounds of indistinguishable dust, were the ruins of three great civilizations—the Carthage of the Phoenicians, the Carthage of the Roman Empire, and, lastly, Christian Carthage, with its memories of Cyprian and Augustine. Some of us had been re-reading "Salammbo," and as we realized the magnificence and almost impregnable character of the site, with the sea on three sides, and in the rear the marshes and Lake of Tunis, we recalled the description given by the great French writer of Phoenician Carthage before her fall :

"Carthage was defended along all the breadth of the isthmus : first by a ditch, then by a rampart of turf, finally by a double fortification of hewn stone. It contained stables for three hundred elephants, with store-houses for their food, their harness and caparisons, other stables for four thousand horses, with granaries of barley, and accoutrements, and barracks for twenty thousand soldiers with armouries and all the munitions of war. Crenelated towers rose on the second story, all hung with bronze bucklers, suspended on hooks. This first line of walls immediately protected Malka, the suburb of the dyers and seafaring population. Behind, the town spread out in amphitheatre form its high cubical houses, of stone, wood, reeds, shells and trodden earth, among which the temple groves appeared like lakes of verdure. The Acropolis hill, in the centre of the Byrsa, disappeared under a confused mass of monuments of all styles and all ages. . . . From morning till night a tumultuous populace filled the city : young lads, ringing bells, shouted at the doors of the baths, the steam went up

CARTHAGE.

from the shops of the dealers in hot drinks, the white cocks dedicated to the sun crowed on the terraces, you heard the bellowing of the bulls being slaughtered in the temples, slaves ran about with baskets on their heads, and here and there in the deep recesses of a portico, a priest in a pointed cap would appear, bare-footed, and wrapped in his dark mantle."

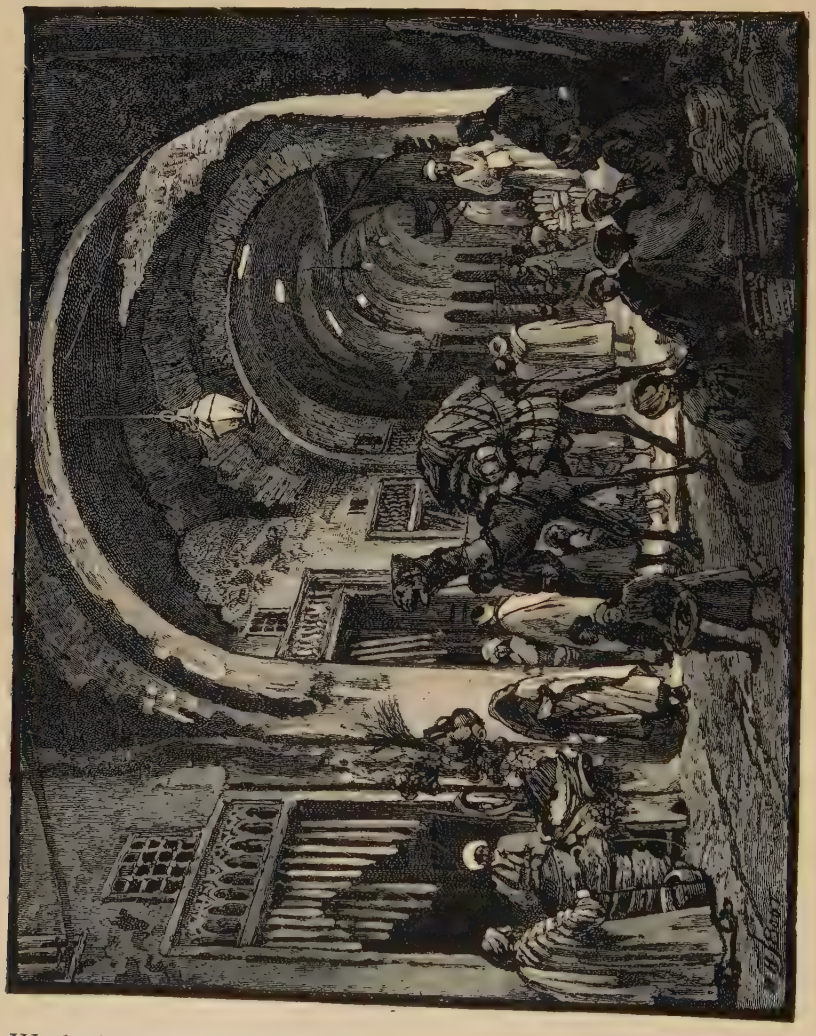
The government of Punic Carthage was an oligarchy, or a plutocracy rather; its civilization was one of merely material comfort and luxury, its policy was one of avarice, cowardice and craft (the term "Punic faith" is a by-word), and its religion, which was practically the same as that of Canaan, was a mass of dark, foul, and fierce superstitions. It deserved to fall as it did, before a people of a simpler life and a higher ideal.

A different set of associations was suggested on our way back to Tunis by the remains of the Roman amphitheatre, where during the times of Decius and Diocletian so many Christians suffered martyrdom. A cross has been erected in the centre of the arena, and in one of the entrances is a small chapel dedicated to Vivia Perpetua, and her slave, Felicitas. There is nothing more touching in the annals of the saints than the story of how this young mother, beautiful and beloved, kissed her baby in the prison for the last time, and passed out, radiant and calm, to her agonizing death, with the bondswoman at her side, made her sister and her equal in their common martyrdom. Carthage is but a shapeless mound, and her glory the shadow of a great name, while the memory of these two weak women lives on forever.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.'

The deep red of a gorgeous sunset flushed the whole sky, and was reflected with the purple hills in the waters of the lake. It seemed a fit close to all our musing on dead heroisms and glories.

Arab salesmen together made a perfect kaleidoscope of colour. Some of the vendors of haiks, fezes, and Oriental silks would have been invaluable at a charity bazaar. They were so amiable, so ingenious, above all so per-



BAZAAR IN TUNIS.

We had still to do our duty by the Tunisian bazaars, which are really the most unique things of the kind out of Cairo. They are narrow lanes entirely covered, and each devoted to one class of merchandise. The goods and the sistent. "Spik English," exclaims a gentleman in a lovely blue haik, rushing up and extending his hand with the ardour of an old friend to the leader of our party. "Touchez la," and he sweeps the whole party off irresistibly into his particular

den, spreading out scarves, mantles, embroidery, and chattering nineteen to the dozen. He flings a silk scarf round the shoulders of one of the ladies. "Buy this for madame. Yes, monsieur, very pretty, very good." Madame and monsieur happen never to have exchanged a word; she looks stony and he embarrassed. Next the indefatigable one fixes on the most timid and girlish-looking of the party. "Buy it, mademoiselle. Very pretty. You will have a rich husband. Lots of money. Yes, only trente francs." In a few minutes he is down at fifteen. Some one suggests eight. He moves off with a gesture of supreme contempt. The party turn to leave; he flies after them. "Combien, monsieur, combien." The eight francs is offered again and accepted; the salesman shakes hands again, exclaiming, "Good-night, good-night," with great fervour (it being about 11 a.m.), and we go a few steps down the bazaar and begin the same thing all over again.

French is everywhere spoken and understood, and seems, in fact, the official language of North Africa.

"THE LAND THAT IS VERY FAR OFF."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

There is a far-off land, a land of joy,
Where soft winds lightly blow, 'neath cloudless skies,
And where, o'er verdant hill and fertile plain,
The daylight never dies.

There is a calm, clear sea in that bright land,
And ransomed saints, upon its peaceful shore,
Wake notes of grateful joy from golden harps,
For days of trial o'er.

There is a song blends with the harp-tones glad,
Ringing rich praises through the ambient air;
And they who sing are robed in stainless white,
And palms of victory bear.

There is a radiant city gleams and glows
Beneath those skies from which no shadows fall,
A city of pure gold, with gates of pearl
Set in a jasper wall.

There is a river whose unceasing flow
Makes endless music through the golden street;
And there is rest beside the living stream
For travel-wearied feet.

There is a tree here spreads its healing boughs,
And fruit unknown to earth doth always bear;
And they who enter through the gates of pearl
May pluck its fruitage rare.

There is a FORM, of more than kingly mien,
Treads with His saints the shining city street,
And gently leads them to their quiet rest
Beside the waters sweet.

His are the praises which through heaven ring!
He is the glory of that glorious land!
And only they who bear His Holy Name
Can join the white-robed band.

Oh, to be welcomed in that realm of day!
Oh, for a home within the city fair!
Lord, write on me, even me, Thy Wondrous Name—
And grant me entrance there!

SAINT GERMANS, AND HOW THE METHODISTS GOT A CHAPEL SITE.

BY F. L. VOSPER,

VIEW FROM MOUNT EDGCUMBE—SHOWING DRAKE'S ISLAND AND FORTS IN THE DISTANCE.

"The man is thought a knave or fool, or bigot plotting crime,
Who for the advancement of his kind, is wiser than his time;
For him the hemlock shall distil; for him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built; for him the stake prepared.
Him shall the scorn and wrath of man pursue with deadly aim,
And malice, envy, spite and lies shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last, for round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost, and ever is justice done."
—*Mackay.*

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."
—*Burns.*

On how many occasions when crossing the heights above the old town of St. Germans, when on my way to a distant Sunday morning appointment, have I turned in my saddle and looked down on the peaceful valleys away below me, and what a blending there has been of the past and present suggested by the prospect. Just below, and near where the Polbathir and Polsco creeks and the Tidi river join their waters with the Lynher, stands the old town with its ancient church ornamented with two towers, indicating that it was once a cathedral. The splendid mansion of Port Eliot, formerly St. Germans Abbey, is now the residence of the Earl of St. Germans. The long, straggling street, with its quaint old row of almshouses at one end and the remains of the old mon-

astery at the other, the whole tastefully laid out with flower gardens and shrubberies, and shaded with splendid elms and oaks, present a picture of rural beauty not easily forgotten.

The surrounding scenery partakes of the same character. Following the Lynher in its windings to where it joins the Tamar just below Saltash, we have on the right the wooded cliffs of Whacker, with the grassy slopes of Fort Scraesdon, overlooked by the frowning ramparts of Fort Tregantle, which form part of a chain of fortifications extending for twenty miles around the ports of Plymouth and Devonport. The beautiful grounds of Antony House, with the spire of Merrifield church piercing through the trees in the distance, are very fine.

On the left stretch the richly cultivated fields of Landrake, St. Erney and St. Stephens. The curious quadrangular old structure known as Ince Castle and the ivy-covered battlements of Trematon Castle, while in the distance are seen the harbour, dockyards and arsenal of Devonport, the blue expanse of Plymouth Sound, and the wood-crowned heights of Mount Edgcumbe.

The sounds that reach us on this peaceful Sabbath morn are peculiarly English. The bells from the churches far and near calling the people to the house of God. The faint notes of the bugle in some distant fort summoning the soldiers to church parade, while the more distant boom of a gun announces the arrival in Plymouth Sound of one of her Majesty's warships from a foreign station.

But mingled with those indications of peace there come down to us through the centuries sounds of sterner import; sounds of earnest and angry debate in the nation's parliament, followed by the tramp of armies among those Cornish hills.

> "The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
> And ever and anon in tones of thunder
> The diapason of the cannonade."

Upon these, however, we cannot dwell.

The church of St. Germans, founded probably in the sixth century by Germanus of Paris, enjoyed the distinction for some centuries of being the seat of the Cornish bishopric, until Cornwall became incorporated with the See of Exeter, in which connection it remained until about twenty years ago. Those old-time churchmen evidently knew a good thing when they saw it, and showed their sagacity by building their monastery and nunnery in this fertile valley. When Henry VIII. dissolved the monastic institutions and confiscated their property, Saint Germans became the property of the Eliot family, who have retained it ever since. It was about ninety-six years after the dissolution of the monasteries, viz., in March, 1628, that Sir John Eliot set out from St. Germans on his last journey to London to take his seat in Charles Stuart's third parliament.

Sir John Eliot has been accused by Clarendon and others of trying to invest the Parliament with more power than would be for the good of the nation. In reality he strove, and strove successfully, to save it from degenerating into a mere debating society.

What he aimed at has been accomplished by the revolution of 1688, the Reform of 1832 and the Redistribution Act of 1884, viz., government of the people for the people by the people.

This, however, was more than Charles Stuart could concede, and so, in March, 1629, he was consigned to that convenient recep-

tacle for troublesome patriots, the Tower of London.

He never came out. For three long, anxious years his family watched and waited and petitioned in vain, and when the news of his death reached St. Germans, and his family humbly craved possession of his body, the request met with a stern refusal. The king would not even allow his body a burial place among the dear old Cornish hills.

Descending the hill from above Penamble, and entering the village street, we find on the right the Wesleyan Chapel, a substantial stone built structure, surrounded by a strong iron fence, and capable of seating about 200 people. It would be a "city church" in British Columbia, with a resident minister, a mortgage and a "floating debt," but in dear, democratic old Cornwall we dispense with those luxuries and refinements as much as possible, and so St. Germans forms part of the Callington Circuit, with its twenty-four chapels, two ordained ministers, and fifty local preachers. It was always a pleasure, on getting the quarterly circuit plan, to see my name down for St. Germans, and though my duties now are of a somewhat sterner character, I can feel the hearty hand-shake at the door, and look down and recognize every face before me, many of them now passed away. These memories constitute what Miss Havergal calls "our hidden leaves."

> "Leaves where memory's golden finger
> Slowly pointing, loves to linger;
> Leaves that bid the old tears start."

They were warm-hearted, intelligent, earnest Christians, who used to worship in this village chapel. Not one particle of "shoddy" in their constitutions; but every one in full sympathy with the young preacher who had ridden or walked a dozen miles that morning for the unspeakable pleasure of preaching the Gospel to them.

The chapel itself has a rather remarkable history, but in relating the plain facts as well as I can recall them from information obtained on the spot, I must apologize for correcting one or two slight errors into which the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse has fallen in his story of "The Chapel at St. Piran." It was early in the present century that the Methodists obtained a footing in the village, and a society was formed which was attached to the Plymouth Dock, now Devonport Circuit, and afterward transferred to the Liskeard Circuit, which extended more than twenty miles across.

There was a congregation and a society, but no chapel, and no land to build one on. The village belonged to the Earl of St. Germans, a descendant of Sir John Eliot, who, being a member of the Church of England, and somewhat jealous of innovations of any kind, regarded the new sect with suspicion, and refused to give or lease any land for the purpose.

Among the leaders of the movement in St. Germans at this time was Mr. Thomas Geake, the prototype of Mark Guy Pearse's "Jan Polruan," but, except in the intensity of his earnestness, a very different type of man.

His portrait, an oil painting, which I have looked on many times in the residence of his granddaughter, the St. Germans postmistress, conveys the impression that he was a man of intelligence and refinement, instead of the rather hum-drum "Jan Polruan" of Mr. Pearce's book. He was also possessed of considerable property. A farmer, cattle-dealer and butcher. Among his customers was the Earl of St. Germans, and at Christmas especially there was always a heavy order for meat

awaiting Mr. Geake at Port Eliot House. It was some time in the early twenties that Mr. Geake went as usual to get his Christmas order, when he was met by the butler and housekeeper with the request for a "tip" accompanied by a hint that unless a substantial perquisite was forthcoming the order would be sent elsewhere. For once, however, they had met the wrong man. Mr. Geake indignantly refused to resort to bribery in order to retain their custom, declaring that he would compete with his fellow-tradesmen fairly and honestly.

Stung by the straightforward and manly way in which he rebuked them, these two worthies determined to ruin him, and concocted a plan which they flattered themselves would accomplish it. A blacksmith was taken into their confidence, and, one night, the weights used in testing the stores delivered at Port Eliot were conveyed to him, and into each weight was inserted a piece of lead. Their next move was to convey a hint to the Earl that Mr. Geake was not as straight as he might be, and that it would pay to look after him. The meat was then ordered, duly delivered [illegible] Mr. Gea[illegible] when [illegible] by so[illegible] weigh[illegible] feigni[illegible] natio[illegible] calle[illegible] matt[illegible] farce[illegible] gone[illegible] mean[illegible] cenc[illegible] weigh[illegible] weigh[illegible] was [illegible] hones[illegible] to ta[illegible] misse[illegible] mand[illegible] socie[illegible]

exercised in its inmost soul, and loud and long were the expressions of indignation at Mr. Geake's perfidy.

There were a few of his intimate friends who still believed in his innocence ; but the same jury whom Bunyan represents as trying Faithful at Vanity Fair, sat every night at the "Eliot Arms," and regularly tried and condemned the "Methodist scoundrel." Much ale was drunk and much tobacco was consumed over the matter, and the verdict of this learned body of good men and true amounted to this, that a man might lie, cheat and steal to his heart's content, and yet be a thoroughly consistent unbeliever ; but that lying, cheating and stealing were contrary to the teaching of Christianity in general, and Methodism in particular. Therefore, all Christians, and especially Methodists, should be avoided as much as possible. Satisfied with this sage and logical reasoning, they cheated, lied, drank and swore more than ever.

What Mr. Geake suffered during those months can only be understood by those who have passed through a similar [illegible]

had been a servant at Port Eliot, was dangerously ill, and declared that she had something on her mind that she was bound to communicate to the Earl of St. Germans and Mr. Geake before she died.

The Earl was fortunately at Port Eliot at the time, and in company with Mr. Geake hastened to the poor girl's bedside. She then divulged the whole plot, and implored forgiveness for the part she had taken in it. Comforting the poor, dying woman as well as they could, the two gentlemen then proceeded to Port Eliot, and by the Earl's orders all the conspirators, including the blacksmith, were assembled in the hall, and a constable was also soon in attendance. On being taxed with their crime they all made full confession, and in the most grovelling and abject manner, begged pardon, etc.

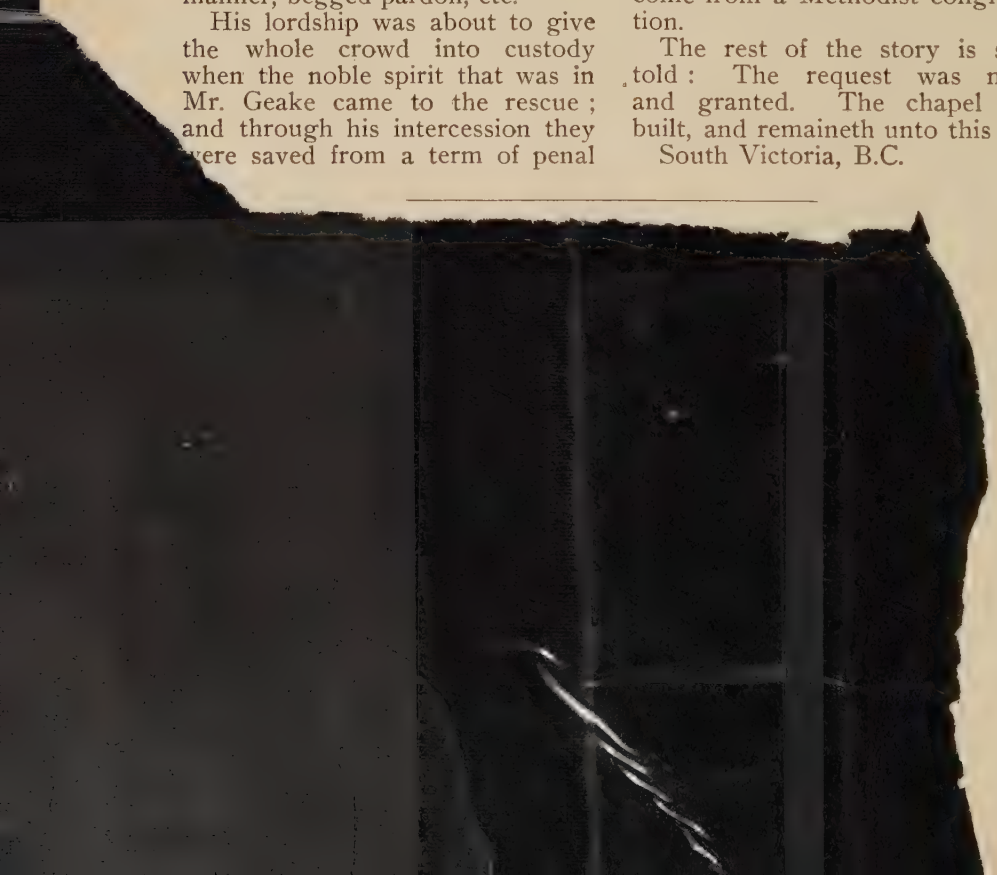
His lordship was about to give the whole crowd into custody when the noble spirit that was in Mr. Geake came to the rescue; and through his intercession they were saved from a term of penal servitude, which in those days meant a sea voyage at the expense of the Government. However, they were all ordered to pack up and quit the neighbourhood immediately.

Having performed this duty, the Earl expressed his sorrow for the trouble and pecuniary loss Mr. Geake had sustained, and begged him to say what amount of compensation he considered he was entitled to. This was a question not easily answered, and Mr. Geake begged time to consider it; which was readily granted.

There was a lively meeting that night in the cottage where the Methodists used to hold their services, and when Mr. Geake proposed that the Earl should be asked for a plot of ground to build a chapel on, the proposal met with such a response as could only come from a Methodist congregation.

The rest of the story is soon told: The request was made and granted. The chapel was built, and remaineth unto this day.

South Victoria, B.C.



IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER XI.

"Righteousness shall go before him, and shall set us in the way of his steps."

The Bishop was not in the habit of carrying much money with him, and the man with the stake, who was searching him, uttered an oath at the small amount of change he found. As he uttered it, the man with the pistol savagely said, "Jerk out his watch! We might as well get all we can out of the job!"

The man with the stake was on the point of laying hold of the chain when there was the sound of footsteps coming towards them.

"Get behind the fence! We haven't half searched him yet. Mind you keep shut now, if you don't want—"

The man with the pistol made a significant gesture with it and his companion pulled and pushed the Bishop down the alley and through a ragged broken opening in the fence. The three stood still there in the shadow until the footsteps passed.

"Now, then, have you got the watch?" asked the man with the pistol.

"No, the chain is caught somewhere!" And the other man swore again.

"Break it then!"

"No, don't break it," the Bishop said, and it was the first time he had spoken. "The chain is the gift of a very dear friend. I should be sorry to have it broken."

At the sound of the Bishop's voice, the man with the pistol started, as if he had been suddenly shot by his own weapon. With a quick movement of his other hand he turned the Bishop's head towards what little light was shining from the alley way, at the same time taking a step nearer. Then, to the evident amazement of his companion, he said roughly:

"Leave the watch alone! We've got the money. That's enough!"

"Enough! Fifty cents! You don't reckon—"

Before the man with the stake could say another word, he was confronted with the muzzle of the pistol, turned from the Bishop's head towards his own.

"Leave that watch be! And put back the money, too. This is the Bishop we've held up! The Bishop, do you hear?"

"And what of it! The President of the United States wouldn't be too good to hold up, if—"

"I say, you put the money back, or in five minutes I'll blow a hole through your head that'll let in more sense than you have to spare now," said the other.

For a second the man with the stake seemed to hesitate at this strange turn in events, as if measuring his companion's intention. Then he hastily dropped the money back into the Bishop's pocket.

"You can take your hands down, sir." The man with the weapon lowered it slowly, still keeping an eye on the other man, and speaking with rough respect. The Bishop slowly brought his arms to his side and looked earnestly at the two men. In the dim light it was difficult to distinguish features. He was evi-

dently free to go his way now, but he stood there, making no movement.

"You can go on. You needn't stay any longer on our account." The man who had acted as spokesman turned and sat down on a stone. The other man stood viciously digging his stake into the ground.

"That's just what I'm staying for," replied the Bishop. He sat down on a board that projected from the broken fence.

"You must like our company. It is hard sometimes for people to tear themselves away from us," the man standing up said, laughing coarsely.

"Shut up!" exclaimed the other. "We're on the road to hell though, sure enough. We need better company than ourselves and the devil."

"If you would only allow me to be of any help—" the Bishop spoke gently, even lovingly. The man on the stone stared at the Bishop through the darkness. After a moment of silence, he spoke slowly, like one who had finally decided upon a course he had at first rejected.

"Do you remember ever seeing me before?"

"No," said the Bishop. "The light is not very good and I have really not had a good look at you."

"Do you know me now?" The man suddenly took off his hat and getting up from the stone walked over to the Bishop, until they were near enough to touch each other.

The man's hair was coal black, except one spot on the top of his head about as large as the palm of the hand, which was white.

The minute the Bishop saw it he started. The memory of fifteen years ago began to stir in him. The man helped him.

"Don't you remember one day back in '81 or '2, a man came to your house and told a story about his wife and child having been burned to death in a tenement fire in New York?"

"Yes, I begin to recall now," murmured the Bishop. The other man seemed to be interested. He ceased digging his stake in the ground and stood still, listening.

"Do you remember how you took me into your own house that night and spent all next day trying to find me a job? And how, when you succeeded in getting me a place in a warehouse as foreman, I promised to quit drinking, because you asked me to?"

"I remember it now," the Bishop replied gently. "I hope you have kept your promise."

The man laughed savagely. Then he struck his hand against the fence with such sudden passion that he drew blood.

"Kept it! I was drunk inside of a week. I've been drinking ever since. But I've never forgotten you or your prayer. Do you remember the morning after I came to your house and after breakfast you had prayers and asked me to come in and sit with the rest? That got me! But my mother used to pray! I can see her now, kneeling down by my bed when I was a lad. Father came in one night drunk and kicked her, while she was kneeling there by me. But I never forgot that prayer of yours that morning. You prayed for me just as mother used to, and you didn't seem to take count of the fact that I was ragged and tough-looking and more than half-drunk when I rung your door-bell. My God! What a life I've lived! The saloon has housed me and homed me and made hell on earth for me! But that prayer stuck to me all the time. My promise not to drink was broken into a thousand pieces inside of two Sundays, and I lost the job you

found for me and landed in a police station two days afterwards; but I never forgot you or your prayer. I don't know what good it's done me, but I never forgot it. And I won't do any harm to you nor let any one else. So you're free to go. That's why."

The Bishop did not stir. Somewhere a church clock struck one. The man had put on his hat and gone back to his seat on the stone. The Bishop was thinking hard.

"How long is it since you had work?" he asked, and the man standing up answered for the other.

"More'n six months since either of us did anything to tell of. Unless you count holding-up work. I call it pretty wearing kind of a job myself, especially when we put in a night like this one and don't make nothin'."

"Suppose I found good jobs for both of you. Would you quit this and begin all over?"

"What's the use?" the man on the stone spoke sullenly. "I've reformed a hundred times. Every time I go down deeper. The devil's begun to foreclose on me already. It's too late!"

"No!" said the Bishop. And never before the most entranced audiences had he felt the desire for souls burn up in him so strongly. All the time he sat there during this remarkable scene, he prayed, "O Lord Jesus, give me the souls of these two for thee! I am hungry for them! Give them to me!"

"No!" the Bishop repeated. "What does God want of you two men? It doesn't so much matter what I want. But He wants just what I do in this case. You two men are of infinite value to Him." And then the Bishop's wonderful memory came to his aid, in an appeal such as no one else on earth, among men, could make under such circumstances. He had remembered the man's name, in spite of the wonderfully busy years that lay between his coming to the house and the present moment.

"Burns," he said—and he yearned over the men with an unspeakable longing for them both—"if you and your friend here will go home with me to-night, I will find you both places of honourable employment. I will believe in you and trust you. You are both comparatively young men. Why should God lose you? It is a great thing to win the love of the great Father. It is a small thing that I should love you. But if you need to feel again that there is love in the world, you will believe me when I say, my brothers, that I love you, and in the name of Him who was crucified for our sins, I cannot bear to see you miss the glory of the human life! Come! Be men! Make another try for it, God helping you! No one but God and you and myself need ever know anything of this to-night. He has forgiven it. The minute you ask Him to, you will find that true. Come! We'll fight it out together—you two and I. It's worth fighting for. Everlasting life is. It was the sinner that Christ came to help. I'll do what I can for you. O God! Give me the souls of these two men!"

The Bishop broke into a prayer to God that was a continuation of his appeal to the men. His pent-up feeling had no other outlet. Before he had prayed many moments, Burns was sitting with his face buried in his hands, sobbing. Where were his mother's prayers now? They were adding to the power of the Bishop's. And the other man, harder, less moved, without a previous knowledge of the Bishop, leaned back against the fence, stolid at first. But as the prayer went on, he was moved by it. What force of the Holy

Spirit swept over his dulled, brutal, coarsened life, nothing but the eternal records of the Recording Angel can ever disclose. But that same supernatural Presence that smote Paul on the road to Damascus and poured through Henry Maxwell's church the morning he asked disciples to follow in Jesus' steps, and had again broken irresistibly over the Nazareth Avenue congregation, now manifested Himself in this foul corner of the mighty city and over the natures of these two sinful, sunken men apparently lost to all the pleadings of conscience and memory of God. The Bishop's prayer seemed to break open the crust that had for years surrounded these two men and shut them off from divine communication. And they themselves were thoroughly startled by the event.

The Bishop ceased, and at first he, himself, did not realize what had happened. Neither did the two men. Burns still sat with his head bowed between his hands. The man leaning against the fence looked at the Bishop with a face in which new emotions of awe, repentance, astonishment and a broken gleam of joy struggled for expression.

The Bishop rose.

"Come, my brothers! God is good! You shall stay at the Settlement to-night. And I will make good my promise as to the work."

The two men followed the Bishop in silence. When they reached the Settlement it was after two o'clock. The Bishop let them in and led them to a room. At the door, he paused a moment. His tall, commanding figure stood in the doorway, and his pale face, worn with his recent experiences, was illuminated with the divine glory.

"God bless you, my brothers," he said, and leaving them his benediction, he went away.

In the morning, he almost dreaded to face the men. But the impression of the night had not worn away. True to his promise, the Bishop secured work for them. The janitor at the Settlement needed an assistant, owing to the growth of the work there. So Burns was given the place. The Bishop succeeded in getting his companion a position as driver for a firm of warehouse dray manufacturers not far from the Settlement. And the Holy Spirit struggling in these two darkened, sinful men, began His marvellous work of regeneration.

It was the afternoon following that morning when Burns was installed in his new position as assistant janitor that he was cleaning off the front steps of the Settlement, when he paused a moment and stood up to look about him.

The first thing he noticed was a beer sign just across the alley. He could almost touch it with his broom from where he stood. Over the street, immediately opposite, were two large saloons and a little farther down were three more.

Suddenly the door of the nearest saloon opened and a man came out. At the same time, two more went in. A strong odour of beer floated up to Burns, as he stood on the steps of the Settlement.

He clutched his broom handle tight and began to sweep again. He had one foot on the porch and another on the step just below. He took another step down, still sweeping. The sweat stood out on his forehead, although the day was frosty and the air chill. The saloon door opened again and three or four men came out. A child went in with a pail and came out a moment later with a quart of beer. The child went by on

the sidewalk just below him and the odour of the beer came up to him. He took another step down, still sweeping desperately. His fingers were purple as he clutched the handle of the broom.

Then suddenly he pulled himself up one step and swept over the spot he had just cleaned. He then dragged himself by a tremendous effort back to the floor of the porch and went over into the corner of it farthest from the saloon and began to sweep there. "O God!" he cried, "if the Bishop would only come back!" The Bishop had gone out with Dr. Bruce somewhere, and there was no one about the Settlement that he knew.

He swept in the corner for two or three minutes. His face was drawn with the agony of the conflict. Gradually he edged out out again towards the steps and began to go down them. He looked towards the sidewalk and saw that he had left one step unswept. The sight seemed to give him a reasonable excuse for going down there to finish his sweeping. He was on the sidewalk now, sweeping the last step, with his face towards the Settlement and his back turned partly on the saloon across the alley. He swept the step a dozen times. The sweat rolled over his face and dropped down at his feet. By degrees he felt that he was drawn over towards that end of the step nearest the saloon. He could smell the beer and rum now, as the fumes rose around him. It was like the infernal sulphur of the lowest hell and yet it dragged him, as by a giant's hand, nearer its source.

He was down in the middle of the sidewalk now, still sweeping. He cleared the space in front of the Settlement and even went out into the gutter and swept that. He took off his hat and rubbed his sleeve over his face. His lips were pallid and his teeth chattered. He trembled all over like a palsied man and staggered back and forth, as if he were already drunk. His soul shook within him.

He had crossed over the little piece of stone flagging that measured the width of the alley, and now he stood in front of the saloon, looking at the sign and staring into the window at the pile of whiskey and beer bottles arranged in a great pyramid outside. He moistened his lips with his tongue and took a step forward, looking around him stealthily. The door suddenly opened again and some one came out. Again the hot, penetrating smell of the liquor swept out into the cold air, and he took another step towards the saloon door, which had shut behind the customer. As he laid his fingers on the door handle, a tall figure came around the corner. It was the Bishop.

He seized Burns by the arm and dragged him back upon the sidewalk. The frenzied man, now mad for drink, shrieked out a curse and struck at the Bishop savagely. It is doubtful if he really knew at first who was snatching him away from his ruin. The blow fell upon the Bishop's face and cut a gash in his cheek.

He never uttered a word. But over his face a look of majestic sorrow swept. He picked Burns up, as if he had been a child, and actually carried him up the steps into the Settlement. He placed him down in the hall, and then shut the door and put his back against it.

Burns fell on his knees, sobbing and praying. The Bishop stood there, panting with his exertion, although Burns was a slight-built man and had not been a great weight for one of the Bishop's strength to carry. The Bishop was moved with unspeakable pity.

"Pray, Burns! Pray as you never prayed before! Nothing else will save you!"

"O God! Pray with me! Save me! O save me from my hell!" cried Burns. And the Bishop kneeled by him in the hall and prayed as only he could.

After that, they arose and Burns went into his room. He came out of it that evening like a humble child. And the Bishop went his way, older from that experience, bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Truly he was learning something of what it means to walk in His steps.

But the saloon! It stood there, and all the others lined the street like so many traps set for Burns. How long would the man be able to resist the smell of the damnable stuff? The Bishop went out on the porch. The air of the whole city seemed to be impregnated with the odour of beer. "How long, O God, how long!" the Bishop prayed.

Dr. Bruce came out, and the two friends talked over Burns and his temptation.

"Did you ever make any inquiries about the ownership of this property adjoining us?" the Bishop asked.

"No. I haven't taken time for it. I will now, if you think it would be worth while. But what can we do, Edward, against the saloon in this great city? It is as firmly established as the churches or politics. What power can ever remove it?"

"God will do it in time, as He removed slavery," replied the Bishop gravely. "Meanwhile, I think we have a right to know who controls this saloon so near the Settlement."

"I'll find out," said Dr. Bruce.

Two days later, he walked into the business office of one of the members of Nazareth Avenue Church and asked to see him a few moments. He was cordially received by his old parishioner, who welcomed him into his room and urged him to take all the time he wanted.

"I called to see you about that property next to the Settlement where the Bishop and myself now are, you know. I am going to speak plainly, because life is too short and too serious for us both to have any foolish hesitation about this matter. Clayton, do you think it is right to rent that property for a saloon?"

Dr. Bruce's question was as direct and uncompromising as he had meant it to be. The effect of it on his old parishioner was instantaneous.

The hot blood mounted to the face of the man who sat there, a picture of business activity in a great city. Then he grew pale, dropped his head on his hands and, when he raised it again, Dr. Bruce was amazed to see a tear roll over his parishioner's face.

"Doctor, did you know that I took the pledge that morning with the others?"

"Yes, I remember."

"But you never knew how I have been tormented over my failure to keep it in this instance. That saloon property has been the temptation of the devil to me. It is the best paying investment at present that I have. And yet it was only a minute before you came in here that I was in an agony of remorse to think how I was letting a little earthly gain tempt me into denial of the very Christ I had promised to follow. I know well enough that He would never rent property for such a purpose. There is no need, dear Doctor, for you to say a word more." Clayton held out his hand and Doctor Bruce grasped it and shook it hard. After a little he went away. But it was a long time afterwards that he learned all

the truth about the struggle that Clayton had known. It was only a part of the history that belonged to Nazareth Avenue Church, since that memorable morning when the Holy Spirit sanctioned the Christ-like Pledge.

Not even the Bishop and Dr. Bruce, moving as they now did in the very presence itself of divine impulses, knew yet that over the whole sinful city the Spirit was brooding with mighty eagerness, waiting for the disciples to arise to the call of sacrifice and suffering, touching hearts long dull and cold, making business men and money makers uneasy in their absorption by the one great struggle for more wealth, and stirring through the Church as never, in all the city's history, the Church had been moved. The Bishop and Dr. Bruce had already seen some wonderful things in their brief life at the Settlement. They were to see far greater soon, more astonishing revelations of the divine power than they had supposed possible, in this age of the world.

Within a month the saloon next the Settlement was closed. The saloon-keeper's lease had expired, and Clayton not only closed the property to the whiskey men, but offered the use of the building to the Bishop and Dr. Bruce for the Settlement work, which had now grown so large that the building was not sufficient for the different industries that were planned.

One of the most important of these was the pure food department suggested by Felicia. It was not a month after Clayton turned the saloon property over to the Settlement that Felicia found herself installed in the very room where souls had been lost, as head of a department not only of cooking but of a course of housekeeping for girls who wished to go out to service. She was now a resident of the Settlement, and found a home with Mrs. Bruce and the other young women from the city who were residents. Martha, the violinist, remained at the place where the Bishop had first discovered the two girls, and came over to the Settlement certain evenings to give lessons in music.

"Felicia, tell us your plan in full now," said the Bishop one evening when, in a rare interval of rest from the great pressure of work, he, with Dr. Bruce and Felicia, had come in from the other building.

"Well, I have long thought of the hired girl problem," said Felicia, with an air of wisdom that made Mrs. Bruce smile, as she looked at the enthusiastic vital beauty of this young girl, transformed into a new creature by the promise she had made to live the Christlike life. "And I have reached certain conclusions in regard to it that you men are not yet able to fathom, but Mrs. Bruce here will understand me."

"We acknowledge our infancy, Felicia. Go on," said the Bishop humbly.

"Then this is what I propose to do. The old saloon building is large enough to arrange into a suite of rooms that will represent an ordinary house. My plan is to have it so arranged and then teach housekeeping and cooking to girls who will afterwards go out to service. The course will be six months long. In that time I will teach plain cooking, neatness, quickness, and a love of good work."

"Hold on, Felicia!" the Bishop interrupted. "This is not an age of miracles!"

"Then I will make it one," replied Felicia. "I know this seems like an impossibility, but I want to try it. I know a score of girls, already, who will take the course, and if we can once establish something like an esprit de

corps among the girls themselves, I am sure it will be of great value to them. I know already that the pure food is working a revolution in many families."

"Felicia, if you can accomplish half of what you propose to do, it will bless this whole community," said Mrs. Bruce. "I don't see how you can do it, but I say, 'God bless you,' as you try."

"So say we all!" cried Dr. Bruce and the Bishop; and Felicia plunged into the working out of her plan with the enthusiasm of her discipleship, which every day grew more and more practical and serviceable.

It must be said here that Felicia's plan succeeded beyond all expectations. She developed wonderful powers of persuasion and taught her girls with astonishing rapidity to do all sorts of housework. In time the graduates of Felicia's cooking-school came to be prized by housekeepers all over the city. But that is anticipating our story. The history of the Settlement has never yet been written. When it is, Felicia's part will be found of very great importance.

The depth of winter found Chicago presenting, as every great city of the world presents to the eyes of Christendom, the marked contrast between riches and poverty, between culture, refinement, luxury, ease, and ignorance, depravity, destitution and the bitter struggle for bread. It was a hard winter, but a gay winter. Never had there been such a succession of parties, receptions, balls, dinners, banquets, fetes, gaieties. Never had the opera and the theatre been so crowded with fashionable audiences. Never had there been such a lavish display of jewels and fine dresses and equipages.

On the other hand, never had the deep want and suffering been so cruel, so sharp, so murderous. Never had the winds blown so chilling over the lake and through the thin shells of tenements in the neighbourhood of the Settlement. Never had the pressure for food and fuel and clothes been so urgently thrust up against the people of the city in their most importunate and ghastly form. Night after night, the Bishop and Dr. Bruce with their helpers went out and helped save men and women and children from the torture of physical privation. Vast quantities of food and clothing and large sums of money were donated by the churches, the charitable societies, the civic authorities, and the benevolent associations. But the personal touch of the Christian disciple was very hard to secure for personal work. Where was the discipleship that was obeying the Master's command to go itself to the suffering and give itself with its gift, in order to make the gift of value in time to come? The Bishop found his heart sink within him as he faced this fact more than any other. Men would give money, who would not think of giving themselves. And the money they gave did not represent any real sacrifice, because they did not miss it. They gave what was the easiest to give, what hurt them the least. Where did the sacrifice come in? Was this following Jesus; was this going with Him all the way?

All this the Bishop asked, as he plunged deeper into the sin and sorrow of that bitter winter. He was bearing his cross with joy. But he burned and fought within, over the shifting of personal love, by the many, upon the hearts of the few. And still, silently, powerfully, resistlessly, the Holy Spirit was moving through the Church, upon even the aristocratic, wealthy, ease-loving members, who shunned

the terrors of the social problem as they would shun a contagious disease.

This fact was impressed upon the Bishop and the Settlement workers in a startling way one morning. Perhaps no one incident of that winter shows more plainly how much of a momentum had already grown out of the movement of Nazareth Avenue Church and the action of Dr. Bruce and the Bishop, that followed the pledge to do as Jesus would do.

The breakfast hour at the Settlement was the one hour in the day when the whole resident family found a little breathing space to fellowship together. It was an hour of relaxation. There was a great deal of good-natured repartee and much real wit and enjoyable fun at this hour. The Bishop told his best stories. Dr. Bruce was at his best in anecdote. This company of disciples was healthily humorous in spite of the atmosphere of sorrow that constantly surrounded them. In fact, the Bishop often said that the faculty of humour was as God-given as any other; and in his own case it was the only safety valve he had for the tremendous pressure put upon him.

This particular morning the Bishop was reading extracts from a morning paper for the benefit of the others. Suddenly he paused and his face instantly grew stern and sad. The rest looked up and a hush fell over the table.

"Shot and killed while taking a lump of coal from a car. His family was freezing and he had had no work for six months. His six children and a wife all packed into a cabin with three rooms, on the West Side. One child wrapped in rags in a closet!"

These were head-lines that the Bishop read slowly. He then went on and read the detailed account of the shooting and the visit of the reporter to the tenement where the family lived.

He finished and there was silence around the table. The humour of the hour was swept out of existence by this bit of human tragedy. The great city roared about the Settlement. The awful current of human life was flowing in a great stream past the Settlement house and those who had work were hurrying to it in a vast throng. But thousands were going down in the midst of that current, clutching at last hopes, dying, literally in a land of plenty, because the boon of physical toil was denied them.

There were various comments on the part of the residents. One of the new comers, a young man preparing for the ministry, said, "Why didn't the man apply to one of the charity organizations for help? Or to the city? It certainly is not true that, even at its worst, this city full of Christian people would knowingly allow any one to go without food or fuel."

"No. I don't believe that it would," replied Dr. Bruce. "But we don't know the history of that man's case. He may have asked for help so often before, that finally, in a moment of desperation, he determined to help himself. I have known such cases this winter."

"That is not the terrible fact in this case," said the Bishop. "The awful thing about it is the fact that the man had not had any work for six months."

"Why don't such people go out into the country?" asked the divinity student.

Some one at the table who had made a special study of the opportunities for work in the country answered the question. According to the investigator, the places that were possible for work in the country were exceedingly

few for steady employment, and in almost every case they were offered only to men without families. Suppose a man's wife and children were ill. How could he move or get into the country? How could he pay even the meagre sum necessary to move his few goods? There were a thousand reasons probably why this particular man did not go elsewhere.

"Meanwhile, there are the wife and children," said Mrs. Bruce. "How awful! Where is the place, did you say?"

The Bishop took up the paper.

"Why, it's only three blocks from here. This is the Penrose district. I believe Penrose, himself, owns half of the houses in that block. They are among the worst houses in this part of the city. And Penrose is a church member."

"Yes, he belongs to the Nazareth Avenue Church," replied Dr. Bruce in a low voice.

The Bishop rose from the table the very figure of divine wrath. He had opened his lips to say what seldom came from him in the way of denunciation, when the bell rang and one of the residents went to the door.

"Tell Dr. Bruce and the Bishop I want to see them. Penrose is the name. Clarence Penrose. Dr. Bruce knows me."

The family at the breakfast table heard every word. The Bishop exchanged a significant look with Dr. Bruce, and the two men instantly left the table and went out into the hall.

"Come in here, Penrose," said Dr. Bruce, and he and the Bishop ushered the visitor into the reception room. They closed the door and were alone.

Clarence Penrose was one of the most elegant looking men in Chicago. He came from an aristocratic family of great wealth and social distinction. He was exceedingly wealthy and had large property holdings in different parts of the city. He had been a member of Dr. Bruce's church all his life.

This man faced the Bishop and his former pastor with a look of agitation on his countenance that showed plainly the mark of some unusual experience. He was very pale and his lip trembled as he spoke. When had Clarence Penrose ever before yielded to such a strange emotion of feeling?

"This affair of the shooting! You understand. You have read it. The family lived in one of my houses. It is a terrible event. But that is not the primary cause of my visit." He stammered and looked anxiously into the faces of the two men. The Bishop still looked stern. He could not help feeling that this elegant man of leisure could have done a great deal to alleviate the horrors in his tenements, possibly have prevented this tragedy, if he had sacrificed some of his personal ease and luxury to better the condition of the people in his district.

Penrose turned to Dr. Bruce.

"Doctor!" he exclaimed, and there was almost a child's terror in his voice. "I came to say that I have had an experience so unusual that nothing but the supernatural can explain it. You remember I was one of those who took the pledge to do as Jesus would do. I thought at the time, poor fool that I was, that I had all along been doing the Christian thing. I gave liberally out of my abundance to the Church and charity. I never gave myself to cost me any suffering. I have been living in a perfect hell of contradictions ever since I took the pledge.

"My little girl, Diana, you remember, also took the pledge with me. She has been asking me a great many questions lately about the poor people and where they

lived. I was obliged to answer her. One of her questions last night touched my sore: Did I own any houses where those people lived? Were they nice and warm like ours? You know how a child will ask questions like these. I went to bed tormented with what I now know to be the divine arrows of conscience. I could not sleep. I seemed to see the judgment day. I was placed before the Judge. I was asked to give an account of my deeds done in the body: How many sinful souls had I visited in prison? What had I done with my stewardship? How about those tenements where people froze in winter and stifled in summer? Did I give any thought to them, except to receive the rentals from them? Where did my suffering come in? Would Jesus have done as I had done and was doing? Had I broken my pledge? How had I used the money and the culture and the social influence I possessed? Had I used it to bless humanity, to relieve the suffering, to bring joy to the distressed and hope to the desponding? I had received much. How much had I given?

"All this came to me in a waking vision as distinctly as I see you two men and myself now. I was unable to see the end of the vision. I had a confused picture in my mind of the suffering Christ pointing a condemning finger at me, and the rest was shut out by mist and darkness. I have not had sleep for twenty-four hours. The first thing I saw this morning was the account of the shooting at the coal yards. I read the account with a feeling of horror I have not been able to shake off. I am a guilty creature before God."

Penrose paused suddenly. The two men looked at him solemnly. What power of the Holy Spirit moved the soul of this hitherto self-satisfied, elegant, cultured man who belonged to the social life that was accustomed to go its way, placidly unmindful of the great sorrows of a great city and practically ignorant of what it means to suffer for Jesus' sake.

Into that room came a breath such as before swept over Henry Maxwell's church and through Nazareth Avenue. And the Bishop laid his hand on the shoulder of Penrose and said, "My brother, God has been very near to you. Let us thank him."

"Yes, yes," sobbed Penrose. He sat down on a chair and covered his face. The Bishop prayed. Then Penrose quietly said, "Will you go with me to that house?"

For answer, both Dr. Bruce and the Bishop put on their overcoats and went out with him to the home of the dead man's family. This was the beginning of a new and strange life for Clarence Penrose. From the moment he stepped into that wretched hovel of a home and faced for the first time in his life a despair and suffering such as he had read of but did not know by personal contact, he dated a new life. It would be another long story to tell how, in obedience to his pledge, he began to do with his tenement property as he knew Jesus would do. What would Jesus do with tenement property, if He owned it in Chicago or any other great city of the world? Any man who can imagine any true answer to this question can easily tell what Clarence Penrose began to do.

Now, before that winter reached its bitter climax, many things occurred in the city that concerned the lives of all the characters in this history of the disciples who promised to walk in His steps.

It chanced, by one of those remarkable coincidences that seem to occur preternaturally, that one afternoon, just as Felicia came out

of the Settlement with a basket of food which she was going to leave as a sample with a baker in the Penrose district, Stephen Clyde opened the door of the carpenter shop in the basement and came out of the lower door, in time to meet Felicia as she reached the sidewalk.

"Let me carry your basket, please," he said.

"Why do you say 'please'?" asked Felicia handing over the basket.

"I would like to say something else," replied Stephen, glancing at her shyly and yet with a boldness that frightened him, for he had been loving Felicia more every day since he first saw her, and especially since she stepped into the shop that day with the Bishop, and for weeks now they had been in many ways thrown into each other's company.

"What else?" asked Felicia innocently, falling into the trap.

"'Why—" said Stephen, turning his fair, noble face full towards her and eyeing her with the look of one who would have the best of all things in the universe, "I would like to say, 'Let me carry your basket, dear Felicia.'"

Felicia never looked so beautiful in her life. She walked on a little way without even turning her face towards him. It was no secret with her own heart that she had given it to Stephen some time ago. Finally she turned and said shyly, while her face grew rosy and her eyes tender, "Why don't you say it then?"

"May I?" cried Stephen, and he was so careless for a minute of the way he held the basket, that Felicia exclaimed, "Yes! But, oh, don't drop my goodies!"

"Why, I wouldn't drop anything so precious for all the world, 'dear Felicia,'" said Stephen, who now walked on air for several blocks; and what else was said during that walk is private correspondence that we have no right to read. Only, it is matter of history that day that the basket never reached its destination, and that over in the other direction, late in the afternoon, the Bishop, walking along quietly in a rather secluded spot near the outlying part of the Settlement district, heard a familiar voice say, "But tell me, Felicia, when did you begin to love me?"

"I fell in love with a little pine shaving just above your ear, that day I saw you in the shop!" said the other voice, with a laugh so clear, so pure, so sweet, that it did one good to hear it.

The next moment, the Bishop turned the corner and came upon them.

"Where are you going with that basket?" he tried to say sternly.

"We're taking it to—Where are we taking it to, Felicia?"

"Dear Bishop, we are taking it home to begin—"

"To begin housekeeping with," finished Stephen, coming to the rescue.

"Are you?" said the Bishop. "I hope you will invite me in to share. I know what Felicia's cooking is."

"Bishop, dear Bishop," said Felicia, and she did not attempt to hide her happiness, "indeed, you shall always be the most honoured guest. Are you glad?"

"Yes, I am," replied the Bishop, interpreting Felicia's words as she wished. Then he paused a moment and said gently, "God bless you both," and went his way with a tear in his eye and a prayer in his heart, and left them to their joy.

Yes. Shall not the same divine power of love that belongs to earth be lived and sung by the disciples of the Man of Sorrows and the Burden Bearer of sins? Yea,

verily! And this man and woman shall walk hand in hand through this great desert of human woe in this city, strengthening each other, growing more loving with the experience of the world's sorrows, walking in His steps even closer yet because of this love, bringing added blessing to thousands of wretched creatures because they are to have a home of their own to share with the homeless. "For this cause," said our Lord Jesus Christ, "shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife." And Felicia and Stephen, following the Master, love Him with deeper, truer service and devotion because of the earthly affection which heaven itself sanctions with its solemn blessing.

Now it was a little after the love story of the Settlement became a part of its glory, that Henry Maxwell, of Raymond, came to Chicago with Rachel Winslow and Virginia Page and Rollin, and Alexander Powers and President Marsh, and the occasion was a remarkable gathering at the hall of the Settlement arranged by the Bishop and Dr. Bruce, who had finally persuaded Mr. Maxwell and his fellow disciples of Raymond to be present at this meeting.

The Bishop invited into the Settlement Hall meeting for that night, men out of work, wretched creatures who had lost faith in God and man, anarchists and infidels, free thinkers and no thinkers. The representatives of all the city's worst, most hopeless, most dangerous, depraved elements faced Henry Maxwell and the other disciples when the meeting began. And still the Holy Spirit moved over the great, heaving, selfish, pleasure-loving, sin-stained city, and it lay in God's hand, not knowing all that awaited it. Every man and woman at the meeting that night had seen the Settlement motto over the door, blazing through the transparency set up by the divinity student: "What would Jesus do?"

And Henry Maxwell, as for the first time he stepped under the doorway, was touched with a deeper emotion than he had felt in a long time, as he thought of the first time that question had come to him in the piteous appeal of the shabby young man who had appeared in the First Church of Raymond at the morning service.

Was his great desire for Christian fellowship going to be granted? Would the movement begun in Raymond actually spread over the country? He had come to Chicago with his friends, partly to see if the answer to that question would be found in the heart of the great city life. In a few minutes he would face the people. He had grown very strong and calm since he first spoke with trembling to that company of workingmen in the railroad shops, but now, as then, he breathed a deeper prayer for help. Then he went in, and with the Bishop and the rest of the disciples he experienced one of the great and important events of the earthly life. Somehow, he felt as if this meeting would indicate something of an answer to his constant query, "What would Jesus do?" And to-night, as he looked into the faces of men and women who had for years been strangers and enemies to the Church, his heart cried out, "O my Master, teach thy Church how to follow thy steps better!" Is that prayer of Henry Maxwell's to be answered? Will the Church in the city respond to the call to follow Him? Will it choose to walk in His steps of pain and suffering? And still, over all the city, broods the Spirit. Grieve him not, O city! For He was never more ready to revolutionize this world than now!

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NECESSARY DETAILS.

A month or so passed away, but Detective Carlyle was as far as ever from the capture of Stephen Grainger. It was very mortifying to him, but he could not help it, for hitherto the late agent of Trethyn had baffled all attempts made to discover his hiding-place. In truth, the detective was losing heart, and had almost given up the case as a hopeless one.

To add, as it seemed, to the detective's mortification, Edward Trethyn, who now reigned supreme in his own inheritance (his mother having given up everything to him on his return from exile), one day sent for the detective into his office.

"I want to suggest to you," he said, "the liberating of Thomas."

"The landlord of the Trethyn Arms?"

"Yes; but better known to me as our old butler."

"But that would never do."

"Why not?"

"Because he was concerned in your father's murder for one thing."

Edward shook his head.

"I can't believe it," he said.

"But I am sure of it. And I can prove it."

"Very well, time enough to deal with him when the crime is proved against him."

The detective looked thoroughly dissatisfied.

"Well, if nothing else," he said, "he deserves imprisonment for the brief he held from Grainger for your death."

Edward laughed.

"He wouldn't hurt a fly," he said; "I know the man, Carlyle."

"But I've shown you the correspondence?"

"Yes, yes, and I've spoken to him upon it. He confesses his letters to Grainger were a tissue of falsehood. I'm convinced, Carlyle, that Thomas had not the remotest intention of hurting me, and that he only accepted Grainger's bribe through his firm belief in my death."

And so the landlord of the Trethyn Arms was released, and another burden added to Carlyle's already heavy one. But the detective kept his eye on his man, and bode his time for the re-arrest of the landlord.

In this policy of mercy Edward had been well advised by Lawyer Jeffries. Sir Charles Montgomery, too, had urged it.

"Let bygones be bygones," the lawyer had said.

"Forgive and forget," Sir Charles urged.

And thus days of peace and quiet were again gradually returning to Trethyn, and a time of prosperity dawning. Edward now was in full possession and full power, and he was using his influence wisely for good.

One thing Edward did on his return which was hailed with delight by the chapel folk. Meeting Seth Roberts one day, he told the old fireman to tell his fellow-religionists that they were welcome to the piece of ground which his father had refused them. He even went further than this: he made them a present of all the stones, lime and timber necessary for building their long-wished-for chapel, so that they had only to provide the necessary labor to erect the building.

Without delay the chapel folk had got to work, and the day for the laying of the foundation-stone had arrived—a lovely day, though winter time; a bright, clear, frosty day, with the air crisp and bracing. Of course Sir Charles Montgomery was there, and with him were Lady Hettie and Miss Nellie; Major Phelps, of Netton, Lawyer Jeffries, Doctor Shearer and Doctor Burns were also present. One person was not present who would dearly have loved to be present—one person whom almost everybody missed. Rhoda Roberts was too ill to leave the house, and when Edward called there after the ceremony he found her lying on the sofa in the little parlour with a weary, exhausted look upon her countenance.

"How are you to-day, Rhoda?" he asked tenderly.

"Much as usual," she replied faintly.

"Not a wee bit better?" he asked, with an anxious smile upon his face.

"Well, p'raps I am just a little," she answered flushing.

"You've been reading?" taking up the book she had laid down at his entrance.

"Yes."

"Thomas a Kempis, I see."

She smiled.

"I wasn't able to read at all yesterday."

"So, then, you are somewhat better?"

"I think I am."

"That's right. Be quick and get well again—for my sake, Rhoda."

She was silent a few moments.

"Edward," she whispered presently, "you must give up that idea altogether. Don't you see, dear Edward, that it can never be?"

It was now Edward's turn to be silent.

"Don't you see it, Edward? Look at me," and she held up her frail hands for him to examine.

"I see you're very thin," he said simply; "but p'raps you'll get stronger some day."

"You love me, Edward?"

"You know I love you dearly."

"Then will you show your love for me by gratifying my wish?"

"What is your wish?"

"That you should marry Miss Montgomery."

"Rhoda! Rhoda!" he cried, "why do you persist in this?"

"It is because I love you, and wish for your happiness."

"But why do you always fix on Miss Montgomery?"

"Because I think you now love her just a little, and I am sure she would make you a good wife."

He took her hands in his at the words, and looked into her eyes with grief in his own.

"You think I love her?"

"Just a little."

"Rhoda, do you think I have been trifling with you? You surely don't think I've been speaking fair words to you and loving another?"

"No, no, no!" she cried. "My words were badly put if they raised that doubt in your mind. I only spoke for you good. Edward, believe me, I would see you happy before I die."

She spoke fervently, and Edward was deeply impressed with her earnestness. He rose and paced the room excitedly.

"Your words grieve me sorely," he said presently, and Rhoda was aware of a strong agitation in his voice.

"Well, let it pass now," she said, with a noble desire to alleviate the smart her words had caused; "but think about it, Edward, think about it."

He had returned to the chair by her side, and sat holding her feeble hand in his.

"You've just returned from the ceremony?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Were many people there?"

"Hundreds," he said; "very many more than I suspected would have been there. People came from all parts."

"Then it was a success?"

"A great success," he said.

"Oh, I am so glad. Tell me all about it, Edward."

He did so, and in glowing terms. He told her of the scene, of the prayer of dedication, of the distinguished people who had been present to witness the stone-laying, and everything else connected with it.

"Who was precentor to-day?" she asked.

"George Ford," said Edward. "That was the only fault in the whole affair. No, no," he said quickly, observing a change passing over Rhoda's countenance, "I don't mean that George did his part badly. He did it splendidly; but it was your voice that ought to have led the singing, and, though nobody said so, I believe you were in everybody's mind."

Just then Seth came in, accompanied by George Ford.

Edward rose to greet them.

"You've had quite a successful day," he said.

"Yes, thank God for it," said Seth. "Really, I can hardly credit it all. To think how much for good has happened since you returned to Trethyn, Mr. Edward. As I was saying to the frien's on'y a few moments ago, 'What hath God wrought!'"

"That's right," said Edward; "put it down to His account. Had it not been for His goodness I would still have been a fugitive, and you would not have had your chapel."

They sat talking together for a little time, when Seth suddenly surprised Edward by saying:

"You've heard of George's decision?"

Edward looked his reply—an inquiring look.

"He means to be a preacher of righteousness."

"Oh!" said Edward, "I know that. George, I hear, is a very acceptable preacher already."

"You un'erstan' what I mean?" queried Seth. "George, of course, preaches now, but he is goin' to give himself up to the ministry of the Gospel."

"George," explained Rhoda, "intends entering one of our theological colleges and qualifying himself to be a minister."

For a moment or two Edward was amazed at the intelligence. His environment had been so exclusive that he had never dreamt of anyone taking holy orders save distinguished scholars and university men.

"George feels himself called to preach the Gospel," said Rhoda.

"Yes," said George for himself, "and that woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

"That's the feeling," said Seth. "It's woe if I preach not the Gospel. The Gospel," he emphasized, "not something else. There's too much of something else nowadays. It seems as if some men thought they had a call to preach everything else but the Gospel. They preach their fads about social reform, submerged tenth, the higher criticism, the latest religious craze, and everything else but the pure and simple Gospel, while thousands of their fellow-mortals are dying in their sins."

"But is not the preaching of these things necessary?" asked Edward. "Take the higher criticism, for instance. Don't you know it is this very criticism which makes it possible for many good men to believe the Bible?"

"Pshaw!" said Seth, somewhat tartly; "what does the people care for the higher criticism, or is it ever going to save a soul? George," he said, turning towards the young man in admonition, "whatever you do, never lose sight of the Gospel. When you preach, preach salvation by faith to all who believe on the Son of God."

"Good night, Rhoda, dear," said Edward, whispering lowly and taking her hand in his; "I hope you'll be better to-morrow."

"You'll remember what I've been saying?" she asked.

"I don't want to remember it," he said.

"You must, Edward," she replied. "It is for your good."

He stooped down again and kissed her, and the next moment was gone, leaving her bathed in tears. Presently, however, Rhoda dried her eyes and spoke:

"You must forgive me for my foolishness," she said; "but I couldn't help it."

Seth looked at her in a vague kind of a way, a look which meant, "I don't understand in the least what you mean, though I'm trying very hard to make it out."

"I've told Edward," explained Rhoda, "that I can never be his wife."

"Why?" quickly asked George Ford, with his heart in his mouth, but almost as quickly saying, 'Forgive me! I forgot myself."

"No one needs to be told why," said Rhoda, smiling. "Am I a fit person to be a bride?"

Her words were no more than George expected, and yet they fell heavily upon his ears.

"What did Edward Trethyn say?" asked Seth, after a thoughtful spell. "Did he see his way to agree with what you told him?"

"I told him I could never be his wife," said Rhoda, in surprise.

"Yes, lass, I know what you told him, but did he consent to give you up?"

"It isn't the first time, father," said Rhoda, "that I've spoken to him upon the subject."

"Yes, yes; but did he fall in with your suggestion?"

Rhoda hesitated. She did not know what to say, and she did not care for her father thus pressing her for an answer.

"I un'erstan'," said Seth; "you needn't bother to explain. I see through it. He was loth to agree. Well, what I wants to say is this, Rhoda: I likes Edward Trethyn uncommon, but if as ever you should wed, I would rather see you married to one in your own position of life. I've never spoken to you on the subject afore, Rhoda, and I'm not going to say anything more now. Them's my wishes, that's all. Of course, you've been educated, and you may look for someone better off in life than your poor father has been, but there's those in your—well, there, I'll say no more; but you'll un'erstan' me."

"In my present condition of health," said Rhoda, "it is simply folly to even think of such a thing."

"But I sometimes think," said her father, "that your health is not so seriously alarmin' as they be sayin'."

"But the doctors say it is serious."

Seth looked at her.

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"I overheard the doctor say it to you."

"But you mustn't believe all the doctors say," said Seth anxiously; "and at all events, I don't believe it in regard to you You're goin' to get better, Rhoda, and live a life of usefulness yet."

"There's not a particle of consumption about her," he said in a confident whisper. "It's nothin' but anxiety that's brought her to this, George."

"That's just what I've been thinking," said George.

"Ay, an' it's a fact, lad. What she wants is quiet."

"Quiet," repeated George.

"If however," whispered Seth, "this illness prevents her from becoming Edward Trethyn's wife. I sha'n't murmur. The Almighty has strange ways of working."

He was silent for a while. Then he said:

"Life with Edward Trethyn would not be what I've prayed for for her. Nor would it be what I b'lieve God intends for her. Her sphere lies amongst her own people, and in work for the church."

The fireman's voice trembled with strong feeling as he spoke these words.

"Edward Trethyn is an honourable gentleman," said George, for want of something better to say.

"Do not misun'erstan' me, George," said Seth. "I know of no nobler gen'l'man, but he's too high for my Rhoda. In his own sphere he's everything that could be desired."

George stood thoughtful for a moment.

"If Rhoda ever gets better——" he began presently.

"She will get better," interrupted Seth confidently.

"If she does," went on George in slow, deliberate terms, "I think I know one person who would be proud to make her his wife."

"So do I," said Seth, seizing his hand and gripping it warmly. "At least, I think I do. I've not been unobservant of late. An' let me tell you, George, no one would be more acceptable to me for a son-in-law. Nor do I think but what Rhoda, too, would be proud of him for a husband. D'you un'erstan'?"

"Yes," said George, tears starting to his eyes, and a delightful thrill going through his frame.

"Then good-night, lad, and God bless you."

"Good-night," said George.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LOVE'S CONFESSION.

Spring came round, and yet nothing was heard of Stephen Grainger and his associate. The spring merged into summer, and still nothing was heard. The autumn came, and the seared leaves began to fall from the trees, and not even then was anything heard of the fugitives.

During the past months many things had also happened which must find a place in this story. In the September George Ford had gone into the theological seminary at Birmingham to study for the ministry to which he had felt himself "called," and a few weeks before that date the new chapel was opened amidst wonderful rejoicings.

Contrary to common expectation, though, as the reader is aware, not contrary to the expectation of either Seth or George Ford, Rhoda's health had wonderfully improved. That is, it had improved so much that Rhoda was now able to go about amongst the people, attend the chapel, visit the sick, and pray with the dying, as she had been accustomed to do in the past years, and as she so much loved doing.

Even Edward Trethyn, after long fighting against the inevitable, had been forced to confess that Rhoda was in no fit health for matrimony, and very unlikely ever to be fit.

"Edward," she said to him on the last occasion they had talked of marriage, "you're wasting your years in hopeless waiting for me. I will love you all the more," she reasoned, "when I see you happy with some other."

"How can you say it?" he cried.

"Edward, I must say it," she replied; "for your sake I must say it. It will never do to let things drift like this."

Months had passed away since this

conversation had taken place, and though Edward had thought it a strange one at the time, one that he rebelled against, his subsequent conduct attested his submission to the force of it.

One evening he and Nellie were out alone in the park. It was early in the month of December, and the night was frosty. It was, however, a clear moonlight night, and very pleasant out of doors.

"Let me draw your wrap more closely round you, Nellie," said Edward, "or you'll be catching cold."

"Oh, thank you, Edward," she said, "but really I don't feel in the least cold."

They walked along happily together, each enjoying the other's society, and watching the weird shadows made by the moonlight through the trees.

"How are things going on in Trethyn now?" asked Nellie presently.

"Famously," replied Edward; "indeed, it seems as if Trethyn is going to have a time of unusual success, just as lately it had a time of unusual ill-luck."

"You never hear anything of the late agent?" queried Nellie.

"No—yes. What I mean is, Carlyle, the detective, was in Trethyn yesterday, and he told me he had good hopes of yet capturing Stephen Grainger."

"Indeed."

"Yes; chance threw him in the way of his wife——"

"Mrs. Grainger?"

"Yes."

"You amaze me!"

"Well, let me tell the story, Nellie. You must first of all know that it has always been Mr. Carlyle's opinion that our late agent would gravitate eventually to uttermost ruin. By that I mean he would go down to the lowest dregs of society. It is the tendency of evil, you know, to lower a man. You should hear Rhoda Roberts talk about the natural law in the moral world. In her way she's the equal to Drummond himself. 'Be sure your sin will find you out' is a fixed and unalterable law in her opinion——"

"And in every sane person's opinion," said Nellie.

"Yes; there is a law—I prefer to call it a Power—there is a Power which unerringly punishes the wrongdoer and vindicates the good."

"Else," said Nellie, "it were a most unsatisfactory world to live in. Evil is here triumphant, and if no Power were working to right all wrong, and ultimately to bring all wickedness to confusion, life would scarcely be worth living."

"Just so," said Edward. "But to continue the story. I was saying Mr. Carlyle's opinion was that Stephen Grainger would gravitate towards direct ruin. The only thing then left him would be herding and consorting with the basest and most degraded wretches in London."

Nellie uttered a half-smothered cry of painful surprise.

"It is the sequel to his sin," said Edward, "and really, when you think of it, Nellie, it is nothing so very surprising after all, and, at all events, it is a very fitting sequel."

"No," she said, "it is only what we might have expected."

"Have you heard lately, Edward," asked Nellie presently, "how Miss Roberts keeps?"

At the name his heart leapt in his bosom, and then set up such a violent palpitation that it occasioned him distinct pain.

"She is about as well as usual," he replied, endeavouring to speak indifferently.

"She is a dear young lady," said Nellie; "I do feel so sorry for her. What a loss her illness has brought her!"

Did he hear aright? And if he did, did he understand aright? Loss? What did Nellie mean?

"Loss?—loss?" he stammered, how loss?"

"Why, she had to give up her position as schoolmistress, of course," said Nellie, but she half-divined the cause of Edward's sudden excitement.

For a while they were again silent, and walked along, each busy with their own thoughts. What Nellie's thoughts were it would have been difficult to guess; perhaps they were only fleeting ones, but Edward's were at that moment seething, tumultuous thoughts. Of course, he mentally observed to himself, Nellie knows all about my love for Rhoda, and if I now propose to her, she will want to know why I abandoned Rhoda. Perhaps even now she thinks me fickle, and looks upon me as a deceiver. The thought tortured him. Of all persons in the world, he could not bear to feel that Nellie thought evil of him.

"Nellie!" he exclaimed at length, for he was growing desperate, "Nel-

lie "—and though desperate his voice was wonderfully subdued—"Nellie, I want to make a confession to you."

The words thrilled her with a delightful feeling, for she thought she knew the purport of the confession. Nevertheless she pretended not to know it, and to be abundantly surprised at the words.

"A confession !" she exclaimed.

"Yes," whispered Edward.

"A confession to me !"

"Hear me," quietly but earnestly pleaded Edward.

"But why make a confession to me ?" she persisted. "What have you done that you should confess to me ?"

Her words unnerved him, and almost drove his intention from his mind, but nevertheless he urged her to hear him.

"You spoke of Rhoda Roberts just now."

"Yes."

"For several years now," went on Edward, with quiet but intense determination to say all that was upon his mind, "I have been intimately acquainted with her family—with—with—well, especially with Rhoda. Perhaps you know this, Nellie ?"

She merely assented with a murmur.

"She's a most—a most estimable person," Edward went on haltingly. "Indeed, Nellie, to be candid, I cannot but tell you that I—I—I—I have a very high opinion of her."

He was painfully embarrassed, and Nellie felt for him keenly.

"She's a most lovable person," she said, endeavouring to extricate him from his difficulty by quietly suggesting the very word which she knew he was striving to utter.

He jumped at the word suggested.

"A lovable person," he reiterated —"that just what I mean. I have loved her. I do love her now, Nellie."

"Anyone could love her. She is so good."

"Yes, but I loved her passionately," said Edward ; "my love was not ordinary love."

It was now growing very painful to Nellie. Was this his confession ? It was not what she had thought it would be.

"I will tell you everything honestly, Nellie. I even went so far as to ask her to be my wife."

Poor Nellie's heart was palpitating now, but with a sickening fear. She felt as if she could not bear the scene much longer.

"Well ?" she said, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Well, what ?"

"Eh ?—oh !—did she consent ?"

"No," said Edward sadly. "For reasons of ill-health, and—well, I don't know—I sometimes suspect there were other reasons—but, at all events, she steadily refused to become my wife."

"I think," said Nellie suddenly, "we had better say good-night. It's growing late, and I feel the air getting very chill."

He did not guess it, but it was his words more than the chill air that struck her blood and made her shiver.

"Not yet," he said excitedly. "Don't say good-night yet. Hear out my confession. Nellie, what I want to tell you is this : I love you, and I want to ask you to be my wife."

It was a very blunt way of saying it after all he had said, but he could not help it. What he desired to do was to first explain everything to Nellie, but his mood was no fit one for explanations, and he just abruptly spoke out his mind.

"Edward," she said, "I don't understand you. After all you have told me, how can you ask me such a thing ?"

He felt the force of her words keenly.

"Nellie," he said, "I'm afraid I've poorly said what I intended——"

"You've said you passionately loved Miss Roberts——"

"Yes, but——"

"And that you had asked her to be your wife ?"

"Yes, but, b'lieve me, Nellie——"

"And that she refused you ?" went on Nellie relentlessly.

"I did, but hear me——"

"And now that she's refused you, you come asking me. Really, Edward, I don't understand you."

"I only spoke of Miss Roberts in order to be candid with you," he said demurely.

"And you have been candid," she said with marked emphasis.

"You wouldn't have thought well of me, Nellie, if I had not been."

"But why speak at all ?"

"Because I felt I must, Nellie. Whatever my feelings have been towards Rhoda Roberts, they're now passed——"

"Nay," she interrupted him, "you said just now that you still loved her."

"And so I do," replied Edward firmly, "but not with the hope of ever making her my wife. Nay, Nellie, I will go further, and say, if I was sure she would accept my proposal if again renewed, I would not renew it."

Nellie was silent. His words were becoming healing balm to her.

"I would not renew it, Nellie," he went on. "Not because I don't love her still. As long as I live I will love her. I have cause for it, and when you know all you will think so too; but now I would never renew my proposal to her. You'll wonder at me saying it, but I am thankful she so determinedly refused me."

Nellie did wonder. She was full of wonders that night, but she did not answer, and allowed him to talk on.

"She had more sense than I in this matter," he said, "and for many reasons I now see it would have been folly in me to have married Rhoda. Believe me, Nellie, I do love you as passionately as ever I loved Rhoda Roberts, and certainly with more wisdom."

She was weeping in great agitation. She was too overcome to speak.

"Nellie, do my words pain you?"

But she only continued to sob as if her heart would break.

"Dear, dear Nellie," cried Edward, "do not weep so. Can it be that I have offended you?"

He was terribly in earnest, and his manner one of tenderest solicitude.

"If I have, believe me, Nellie, if you'll forgive me I'll never mention the subject to you again. I wouldn't willingly pain you, Nellie."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," she said, making a strong effort to calm herself; but just then the door of the house opened, and the voice of Sir Charles Montgomery was heard calling:

"Nellie!"

"I must go," she said. "Father thinks I've now been out too long."

"But must we part in this undecided state?" pleaded Edward. "Nellie, dear, you will——"

"I will think it over," she said.

"Nellie!"

"Yes, father, I'm coming."

"Say, Nellie," still urged Edward, detaining her.

"Why need you ask?" she said. "Don't you know it? Edward, let me go now," she said; "but come again to-morrow to see me."

"Nellie!"

"Coming, father."

"Coming, Sir Charles," cried Edward.

"Bless you, my darling," said Edward; "I shall come over here early to-morrow evening. God bless you, darling."

"I must go now, Edward. There!"

Before he hardly realized it she had freed herself from him, kissed him on the cheek, and hastened away.

He stood looking after her until she had entered the house and the great door had closed upon her.

As he rode away his mind was filled with joyous thoughts. How supremely happy he was! Thus he rode along musing joyously until he was well within call of Trethyn, when suddenly his reverie was disturbed and the still night startled by a loud piercing cry which fell on Edward's ear like a cry of intense pain.

"What can it be?" was the first thought that rose in his mind.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FACE AT THE DOOR.

Edward Trethyn reined in his horse and leaned forward to listen. Again that loud, piercing sound reached his ears—a blood-curdling sound. Never in all his experience had he heard anything like it before. To him listening there in the still, dark night it seemed unearthly, and during the interval that elapsed betweed one startling cry and another he could not help fancying all kinds of strange and ghostly things.

A few minutes he halted thus listening, when suddenly the piercing shriek was heard again—or rather piercing shrieks, for in quick succession one cry after another went up through the still night, falling startlingly upon Edward's ear. And this time the shrieks seemed to proceed from someone close by.

Edward peered into the darkness, but could see nobody, nor did the faintest sound disturb the stillness.

"It is very strange," he muttered, "but whatever it is, it certainly needs instant investigation."

Leaping lightly from his horse, he was about to lead it cautiously for-

ward, at the same time keeping a sharp look-out as he went along, when suddenly the cry was repeated again, this time almost in his ear, and a woman, with streaming hair and a large open knife in her hand, rushed past him.

The first shock of surprise over, Edward Trethyn, leaving his horse, gave chase after the desperate woman; but she was like the wind, and some considerable time elapsed before he was able appreciably to lessen the distance between them. As he ran, too, he was almost immediately conscious of other feet following close upon his heels, and altogether the incident was thrilling and alarming in the extreme. On and on they all ran together, and it seemed as if the chase was never going to be done, when suddenly the woman fell exhausted to the ground. There she lay when Edward came up to her, panting painfully, and staring wildly, while she still tenaciously clutched the large knife.

"It's poor Betsy Morgan," said a voice in Edward's ear as he stood bending over the prostrate woman.

The speaker was the owner of the other feet which had so hard followed upon Edward's.

"Betsy Morgan!" exclaimed Edward.

"Yes"—and now Edward recognized the speaker as Rake Swinton. "My word, it has bin a chase."

"An awful chase," said Edward; "but what does it all mean?"

"Oh, sir," replied Rake, "this kind o' thing often happens now since her lads were killed in the explosion."

"These fits come on her odd times," he said, "an' when they does she at once starts up from whatever she may be doin' and sets off a-runnin' just like you saw her to-night."

"She loses control of herself?"

"Utterly. She goes clean, stark mad at times, as she was to-night, sir."

Edward stood thoughtful for a few moments, and then knelt down on one knee by the poor unfortunate woman. Gently raising her head he rested it on his other knee and began to chafe her hands. Rake Swinton instantly knelt down and assisted the young squire in every way he could.

"She were sitting quietly at home knittin', when suddenly up she started and hastened off," whispered Rake.

"I suppose she has been brooding over her trouble?"

"Ay, that be it 'xactly," replied Rake. "An' that's the way it always is. She sits knittin' an' knittin', thinkin' an' thinkin', knittin' an' thinkin', an' then these 'ere fits come upon her an' off she goes. Mostly, too, when nobody is suspectin' it."

"Why does she carry a knife?" asked Edward presently. "Is it a frequent thing with her?"

He was thinking of poor Betsy's ravings when he and Rhoda met her on the night of the explosion, and he was fearing that the knife was only the outward expression of the fixed purpose of her mind for a terrible revenge upon the man she considered as the author of her troubles.

"Oh no, sir," answered Rake, "it on'y be odd times she gets a knife, an' sometimes it is one thing, sometimes another."

"But always some dangerous weapon, I suppose?"

"That it be," replied Rake, with emphasis.

"What is her object?"

"Revenge."

"On whom?"

"On Stephen Grainger, o' course, but, sir, she wouldn't hurt a fly when she's in her right senses."

"Why does she seek revenge on Mr. Grainger?"

"Don't mister that man to me, sir!" suddenly exclaimed Rake in an altered tone. "Call him fiend, or anything else you choose, but no mistering if you please, sir. I'd give the last crust I had to have him here for just five minutes."

"You must pardon me," said Rake presently, "for expressing my feelings so strong, but you don't know all, sir. Oh!" and Rake ground his teeth, "it'd be a luxury to hang for that man."

For years Edward had known Rake's character, and he well knew that Rake was a reckless and terrible fellow when aroused. But he need not have feared. Instead of hurting Edward Trethyn, Rake would have defended him with his life.

"You asked me just now," said Rake, "why she wants to have her revenge on Grainger. Didn't he cause the explosion?"

"How?"

"By the strike. He reduced our wages and made the men of Trethyn idle, and didn't he refuse to allow anyone to keep the roads open below?"

"It's all woefully true," said Edward sadly.

"Didn't he allow the gas to accumulate underground, an' didn't that cause the explosion ?"

"I'm afraid it was indeed all his fault," said Edward.

"O' course it was, and hadn't it been for him poor Betsy Morgan's lads would all have bin livin' to-day."

"And hundreds of others," said Edward.

"Ay, an' it be not on'y those kilt in the explosion that be put down to his account 'gainst the reckonin' day, but all the other ones he starved, and poor Tucker's woman, too."

"But this poor creature ought to be watched," said Edward, endeavouring to change the drift of the conversation.

"She be a'most all the time," said Rake.

"Her husband, I know," said Edward, "can do nothing, for he is still very, very ill."

"Oh, no, sir, he could never do anything. He be done for, he be."

"It looks very like it," said Edward.

"He was mendin' nicely till the explosion came and knocked all the good out of him."

At that moment the woman struggled violently, and it took the two men all their time to hold her ; but Rake's powerful arms ultimately conquered her, and she lay still a while again, but moaning frightfully.

"She be fancyin' she's givin' it Grainger," whispered Rake.

"Well for him," said Edward, "that he is not in the neighbourhood at these times."

"He be in the neighbourhood," replied Rake, "sometimes."

"Sometimes ! Have you ever known him to return to Trethyn since his flight from it ?"

"Yes," answered Rake. "I've never seed him myself ; if I once clapped eyes on him, sir, he'd never leave Trethyn a free man again. I'd hold on to him like a vice," and Rake's words gathered ferocity as he went on, "an' if he attempted to get away from me I'd——well, Lor' knows what I'd do—mebbe do poor Betsy's work for her."

"Why do you say sometimes ?" asked Edward, after a pause.

"'Cause there be folk in Trethyn who say they've seen him here more'n once since he sneaked away the first time. Seth Roberts be one of 'em. He says he saw Stephen Granger to-night——"

"To-night !"

"Yes, as he came from the mine."

"Do you know what you're saying, Rake ?"

"Perfectly well. He was kind of disguised when Seth met him, an' wore big whiskers. He was dressed in rags, and leaned hard on a stick. But that was all put on."

"Did Seth Roberts tell you this ?"

"I heard him tell it to Superintendent James."

"Then why didn't he seize Grainger and hold on to him ? Didn't Seth know a reward of £100 is offered for his capture ?"

"Well, you see, sir," explained Rake, "Seth was quite taken back, an' at first it didn't strike him as it was Grainger, an' when it did it were then too late."

"Why ?"

"'Cause he were out of sight in no time."

"But you said he went along slowly, leaning on his stick ?"

"So he did, but it was dark when Seth passed him, an' he was soon out o' sight."

At that moment a strong quivering movement passed through Betsy's body, after which the horrid staring gradually left her eyes, her tightly clenched hands relaxed, and heaving a deep-drawn sigh, she presently came back to consciousness again.

"Oh, dear me !" she sighed. "God help me ! God help me !"

They raised her to her feet, and, supporting her between them, they then led her gently along.

"I can't think what comes over me at times," said Betsy, as they went along. "It seems as if a fire burns in my brain, and then I know no more."

"It's the trouble you've had," said Edward, kindly. "You must have a doctor, and then we must see what can be done to get you a change of air and scene."

"Oh, sir," said Betsy, "you're already too kind. I don't know how ever me an' my old man would get on at all if it were not for your goodness."

"A change of air will soon make you all right again," said Edward, evading the reference to his goodness.

"I fight against it when I feel it coming on," said Betsy, "but it always overpowers me. Ever since the

lads were brought home kilt I've not been myself at all."

"It's very sad, Betsy," said Edward.

"I think I could have mastered it this time," went on the woman, her tongue gradually becoming loosened, "on'y I saw Stephen Grainger look in at the door."

"Stephen Grainger ?"

"Yes."

"Looking in at your door ?"

"Yes."

"When ?"

"This evening. Not long since. Before this thing overcame me."

"Are you sure, Betsy, that it was Stephen Grainger ?"

"Quite sure," answered Betsy. "I was sitting knitting, an' the door was standing wide open. All at once I heard a footstep outside the door, and, looking toward it, I saw Stephen Grainger peerin' in."

Edward was amazed. Betsy's statement bore out Rake Swinton's, and it was plain that Stephen Grainger did revisit Trethyn at times.

"He were disguised, an' had big whiskers," went on Betsy, "but I knowed him at once."

"And then you followed him ?"

"Yes, but I remember no more."

"You did not again see him ?"

"I think not."

"You are quite sure about this being Stephen Grainger ?" persisted Edward, for as yet he could scarcely credit the statement.

"Positive."

They got Betsy safely home, and then Edward remounted his horse and turned its head towards the Manor House. Leisurely and thoughtfully he rode along. What could be Grainger's object in again revisiting Trethyn ? Surely it was a foolish and reckless thing of him to do, and Edward could not reconcile such recklessness with Grainger's usual craft. Edward felt convinced that some dire purpose underlay the late agent's motives, and the thought gave him no little uneasiness. Could it be that Stephen Grainger came back again into Trethyn with the object of personal vengeance against someone. and, if so, against whom ? Again the thought brought him much uneasiness of mind ; but the next moment all his quiet and anxious thought was suddenly turned into terribly excited thought and action by the sharp report of a pistol or gun, fired by someone that could not be a dozen yards from him. Edward's horse started and bolted at the sound, but it had not gone far before Edward felt it give way under him, and the next moment he was lying in the muddy road. Disentangling his left foot from the stirrup, Edward struggled to his feet as fast as he could, but he could hardly bear the pain in his thigh, for he had fallen heavily upon it and bruised it considerably. His first thought, however, was, "Who fired that shot?" He looked around him, but observed no one in sight, and all was calm and still as the grave. The moon still shed her silvery light over the scene, but just then it was partially obscured by great clouds.

"It was Stephen Grainger," Edward at once concluded. "No one else would do such a dastardly deed. No one else had cause."

In his great indignation Edward would have rushed away in the direction from which the shot had been fired, but the pain in his thigh prevented him.

Greatly enraged at the unknown desperado who had done this cruel deed, and yet filled with palpitating sympathy for the sufferings of his faithful horse, Edward took out his handkerchief and endeavoured to staunch the blood. But a few minutes afterwards it was dead.

Edward's grief was indescribable. But to remain there longer was both purposeless and dangerous, so, covering the poor creature's head with his coat, he painfully made his way home.

Edward opened the door of the Manor House with a latchkey, but the wish to escape observation, and so get a chance of making himself presentable before appearing before his mother, was frustrated by his encountering the housekeeper on the threshold of the door.

"Good gracious me!" she exclaimed, throwing up her arms on seeing him, "whatever has been the matter ?"

"Hush !" whispered Edward. "Don't alarm Lady Trethyn. It's nothing, I can assure you——"

"But, sir, your coat—where's your coat ?"

"Hush !" Edward still urged.

"There's blood on your shirt-sleeves !" still cried the housekeeper.

"Mrs. Thornton," said Edward sternly, "hush ! I won't have my mother unnecessarily alarmed."

"Goodness knows she's been alarmed enough to-day, sir."

"How ?"

"She's been frightened."

"What frightened her ?"

"She says it was Stephen Grainger. She was going to the door to look out a bit when she suddenly met him."

"Met Stephen Grainger ?"

'Yes."

"Where ?"

"At the door. He was standing near it, looking into the house. As soon as my lady saw his face he fled."

"Did Lady Trethyn give you any other particulars ?"

"No."

"Was he disguised ?"

"Yes, but it didn't hinder my lady from knowing him at once. He wore big whiskers, and was dressed very shabbily."

"Did anyone else in the house see him ?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Very well, I will see Lady Trethyn shortly. Until I've washed and dressed, however, don't say I'm in the house."

"My lady has gone to bed long since, sir. It's nearly one o'clock now, sir."

"Oh, of course," mused Edward. "Well, we won't disturb her, but if William be yet astir, tell him to come to my room and see me at once."

"Are you hurt, sir ?"

"No."

She looked anxiously at the blood on his shirt-sleeves.

"My horse has been shot," he explained, "and the blood is from the poor creature's wound."

"Shot ?"

"Yes, but don't make any scene amongst the servants about it. There will be an inquiry made into the affair to-morrow."

"Are you in pain, sir ?" she asked, as Edward commenced mounting the stairs.

"A little," he replied, not stopping. "My thigh seems bruised."

"Can I get you anything ?"

"Not now, thank you. If it is no better in the morning I will send for Dr. Shearer."

In his room Edward soon effected a change in his appearance, and shortly afterwards William, the coachman, joined him.

"Mrs. Thornton has doubtless told you the bad news, William ?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Hasn't she told you my horse has been shot under me ?"

"The roan ? Goodness ! no, sir."

"Well, it has," said Edward solemnly, and with evident sadness in his voice.

"Who did it, sir ?"

"It was done only an hour ago, and it was too dark to see anyone, so I can't say."

"The villains !" cried William. "What harm could the poor dumb animal have done them ?"

"There's little doubt, William, but that the shot was meant for me. It missed its mark, however, and the poor horse has forfeited its life instead of me. Get two or three to help you, and go and fetch the poor beast home."

Next morning Edward wakened early from his troubled sleep, and at once rung his bell.

"Send William here," he said to the servant who answered his call.

William came almost immediately.

"You got the horse home ?"

"Yes."

"Who assisted you ?"

"A score of fellows," answered William, "who were standing round the horse when I got there."

Edward was amazed.

"How did they know of it ?"

"They just tumbled across it, sir. They were out looking for Stephen Grainger."

Edward sat bolt upright in his bed at the intelligence.

"Looking for Grainger ?"

"Yes, sir ; that's what they said."

"William, was it the Black Brotherhood ?"

"I can't say, sir. They weren't disguised at all, like they say the Black Brotherhood used to be, but it may have been them for all I know."

"Was Rake Swinton one of them ?"

"He was, sir."

For a few moments Edward sat contemplating and wondering about many things. Presently, however, he said :

"Go round at once to the police-station and ask Superintendent James to step here."

"I hope, sir," said William deferentially, "you're not going to get Rake or the other men in trouble. I don't know what I should have done last night but for them."

Edward smiled.

"No, certainly not," he said ; "I want to apprise the superintendent of last night's tragedy."

GREETINGS OF AMERICAN TO BRITISH METHODISM.*

BY BISHOP FOWLER.

BY PERMISSION OF CURTS & JENNINGS.

REV. CHARLES H. FOWLER, D.D., LL.D.

Brothers, I bring to you the hearty and most ardent greetings from a Church that rejoices in being your offspring. It is woven into the very constitution of the human mind that we must love those whom we have helped. So we count with certainty upon your loving us.

" If I were hanged on the highest hill,
I know whose love would follow me still—
O mother o' mine ! O mother o' mine !

" If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
I know whose tears would come down to me—
O mother o' mine ! O mother o' mine !

" If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole—
O mother o' mine ! O mother o' mine ! "
—*Kipling.*

In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ we open our hearts and report our stewardship.

Strangers among us may think we say too much about ourselves and our achievements. Perhaps we will ; but that is our errand. This is our review day. We know more about our defects and needs than any enemy could possibly tell us. But we are not mendicants, standing on the highway exhibiting our deformities, making profit out of our distresses. We are mustering for a continued campaign, and we can win no battles with flag at half-mast. Please expect chiefly achievements ; we will avoid boasting.

* Introduced felicitously and heartily greeted, Bishop Fowler delivered the accompanying able and characteristic address, here slightly abridged, as one of the fraternal delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Wesleyan Conference of England, in session at Hull.

In this time of strife and general anxiety among the nations of the earth there are special reasons adding interest to our expressions of fraternal feeling. As believers in God, we rejoice that our most sensitive spirit of reverence is never shocked by the purposes of our Governments, nor by the most private personal character of our rulers. I utter the conviction of the people whom I represent when I say that we regard it as God's richest blessing to England that he has prolonged the glorious life of the noble woman whose exalted Christian character has made her reign the most illustrious in the annals of time. God bless Victoria, England's magnificent Queen!

We are sure that you will rejoice to have me say from personal knowledge that an exemplary Christian and a Methodist communicant occupies the White House, a man who is more anxious to please God than to please any other being in the universe. We know his integrity and honour, we believe in his personal religious experience. God bless William McKinley, the honoured President of the United States of America!

We are of One Blood.

Brothers must stand together. "Blood is thicker than water." You will remember when this fact counted for something. Lying for a week once, off the mouth of Piho, waiting for a sea-breeze to help us over the bar, an old English mariner pointed out to me the spot where he learned this truth. He said: "It was during the war between England and China. Our ship, a British man-of-war, was decoyed by misplaced buoys out of the channel and left by a receding tide helpless under the guns of a Chinese battery. An American man-of-war lying near saw the situation; and the captain said to his men, 'Blood is thicker than water; clear the ship for action.' Swinging into place, he opened a broadside on the Chinese battery, silencing it till the returning tide enabled us to take care of ourselves." The times may not be far off, brothers, when we can help keep Saxon blood from being spilled. I know not "the mysteries and reticences" of diplomacy; but I come from among the people beyond the sea, and I know that Secretary Chamberlain's plain statement, made in Birmingham, May 13th, is "understanded of the people." Yonder now we are one people, no North, no South. The grandson of General Grant and the grand-nephew of General Lee are marching side by side in the same regiment under the Stars and Stripes, fighting a foreign foe—a foe, in whose captured warships of the broken Armada your sires found all the appointments of the Spanish Inquisition—racks, wheels, thumbscrews, and every known instrument of torture, shipped and brought along to torture the life out of Protestantism in these islands. I know the temper of the men whom you bred for battle. If we put four millions of Saxon soldiers into the civil war thirty years ago, we can more than double that number—we can make it ten millions to-day, if Anglo-Saxon rights need defending.

We Have One Religion.

In these Christian countries, where the Ten Commandments are law, where the Sermon on the Mount is authority, where Deism is tinctured with the Gospel, and where even Agnosticism is illumined by the Sun of Righteousness, it is easier to criticise than to appreciate God's eternal purpose of redeeming love. But go away to the far East, where idolatry infects the air, where hate and fear are the supreme motives, where corruption is chin-deep to the tallest souls, and where the Dragon reigns without a rival—there you find that even a Christianity that is only formal is separated from every other religion by the wide diameter of the moral government. Pagan and Mohammedan sink together in the hopeless abyss.

A few months ago an English merchantman was in the harbour at Smyrna, loaded with figs intended for New York, waiting for his clearance papers, when some fugitive Armenians, pursued by a band of Turks bent on slaughter and rapine, came on board begging for protection. The merchantman refused to let the fugitives be taken from his ship. The Turks said, "We will bring more soldiers and take you, too." The Briton asked an Italian warship to protect them. The Italian captain coldly replied: "The soldiers of the king of Italy are here to protect only the subjects of the king of Italy." An American warship pushed into the harbour. The English captain appealed to him. The American shoved his war-vessel in behind the merchantman and quietly pushed him safely out to sea, saying, "Get your clearance papers in New York." The authorities in New York remitted the fine, and commended the decision of both Saxons.

We are One in Faith, the Faith of Protestantism.

No argument is needed for this in

England, where nearly every great family has sometime learned by personal suffering what the faith cost, and where the ashes from Smithfield have sifted into nearly every home in the United Kingdom, and where the whole history, from the courage of Henry VIII. to the stupidity of James II., and to the wisdom of Victoria, has made it forever possible for every Englishman to worship as he pleases. Again,

WE ARE ONE IN DENOMINATION.

This knits us, and knits us in the circle of the family. We understand each other's language—the language of Israel—we know the accent. The spiritual brogue is music in our ears. We recognize the swing of conquest and the shout of victory. It is hard to find a church in America that has not a good sprinkling of salt from fair Albion. Once to know a man as a true Methodist is to make assurance doubly sure. Well do I remember once being down in a mining shaft in the far West, when it was necessary for me to climb a perpendicular ladder two hundred feet high. It seemed utterly impossible. Just then a stout Yorkshire man said, "I will help you." I asked, "Who are you?" He said, "Brother, I am a local preacher in the Methodist Church. I will follow up after you, and if you should faint you cannot fall past me." I believed him. His faith kindled mine, and I went up without fear and without nervous strain; but not without weariness. Our very fellowship bonds bind us together.

One in blood, one in religion, one in faith, and one in denominational experiences, we are woven together by all the strong threads that make up the warp and woof of that wonderful garment which we call civilization. Your literature, your history, your achievements are ours. Art, science, commerce, and trade pontoon the sea. Irving and Kipling have the freedom of every American city. The harvest waves in the valley of the Mississippi, and the bin is in Liverpool. The Pennsylvania Railroad is an English company. The great Cable Company is owned in New York. English jurists listen to the opinion of our judges, and we study English precedents. At the beginning of this century we were a stormy month apart. To-day our borders touch. We talk to each other in our offices, from opposite sides of the ocean, as easily as our mothers chatted in one sitting-room. We are less than forty seconds apart to-day.

Carlyle said England would sooner lose her Indian Empire than her Shakespeare. I am sure we could not spare Shakespeare or our English libraries. Take away that literature and we would feel unravelled.

The power of the after-dinner speech in Birmingham that so shook all Europe consists in the fact that the statesman, with the vision of the prophet, has discovered one of the great gulf-streams of history, and has committed himself to the current of events. The most and best we can do is to take the Son of God as our Pilot, and accept the inevitable joyfully.

I suppose I must report some statistics. I am glad of it, for I like statistics. But I am not here to give you our Year Book. I could have sent that by mail. Statistics tell what has been done. I prefer to tell you of the tide of our feeling toward you, the deep current that underlies all our statistics, that causes our statistics to come to pass.

When Wesley came, the world was full up to the rafters with old smoke-dried Churches, that barely, at their best, cherished a hope of a hope. Sir William Blackstone, the great jurist, after hearing all the noted and popular preachers of his time, the middle of the eighteenth century, said, "There is no more gospel in their sermons than in the writings of Cicero. One cannot tell by their sermons whether they are followers of Confucius, Mohammed, or Christ." "We are told six undergraduates of Oxford were expelled because they prayed extempore and read the Scripture in private houses." I have heard of no law against profanity in public or private houses. John Wesley was sent out to preach a knowable religion, that a man might know that his sins are forgiven. Butler uttered his Analogy, and men read it and laughed—scoffed religion out of polite society. But the cobbler said, 'I know that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven my sins. His Spirit witnesseth with my spirit, Abba Father;' and this upheaved all classes. There was no gainsaying the testimony. Our great effort is to hold to the doctrine that called us into being, and see to it that our people keep the witness of the Spirit. If we could only do this with all our members, we would settle all questions about the second blessing, and we would double our membership every three years, if not every year.

We believe much more which time forbids my repeating, such as the brotherhood of man without reference to colour.

We are so much like our English ancestors, that we believe that we are the lads that can turn the world right side up.

Our membership is 2,351,531 ; and our Sunday-school force is 3,160,000. We have missions in every continent except Australia. We were never so pressed and embarrassed as now by our successes in all fields.

One brother, Rev. Dr. Goucher, to whom God has intrusted a fortune, years ago planted 130 schools in India, and has been maintaining them with small outlay for each. Now the missionaries trace to the teachers and readers and helpers and pupils raised in those schools over 27,000 conversions. Brothers, tell me, did money ever before bring so high a price? And was grace ever so cheap? If only our well-to-do members could see this! The common day-labourer could bring more jewels for the Redeemer's crown than the prayerful, earnest labours of our great metropolitan preachers. God stands in the world's market offering 100 per cent. per month for consecrated money.

Our Twelve Apostles.

As the New Testament Church was strengthened and served by twelve apostles, so our Methodist Episcopal Church is strengthened and served by twelve apostles. I do not mean the bishops ; we are only errand-boys, permitted to run on errands for our Redeemer. I mean our twelve great Societies, or defined lines of work. I will name them. I know this is dry ; but do not shiver. I must name them. I would not dare go home if I should omit these important auxiliaries.

1. There is the Sunday-school, which is the Artist of the Church, putting the impress upon the clay before it is burned. It has 3,160,000 lumps of susceptibilities now receiving the Master's image and superscription.

2. The Missionary Society, which is the Gymnasium of the Church, hardening her spiritual muscles. She can now lift an annual collection of $1,131,940.

3. The Book Concern, which is the Body incarnating the Church, giving it form and local habitation. It has published and sold during the last fifty years, since the division caused by slavery, over $60,000,000 worth of cheap books and cheap periodicals.

4. The Church Extension Society, which is the Hand, open and pointing out which way we are going. Old Maximus, a Roman emperor, was captured by a Goth chief, and held for seven years. This chief used his prisoner as a horse-block, making him stand on his hands and knees for him to stand on when mounting his horse. He would teeter up and down, saying, "This will tell which way the battle went, better than all the pictures the Roman artists can paint." The Church Extension Society, having given over $3,000,000, and having loaned and reloaned $6,000,000, having aided 10,000 churches, and now building three churches a day, shows which way the battle is going better than all the pictures which the skeptics and destructive critics and Agnostics can paint.

5. The Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society, whose eloquent secretary will soon address you. This society is the Nurse of the Church, having her hands now full caring for 9,000,000 of wards, and in one century hence, at present rate of increase, she will have 150,000,000 of coloured people on the present soil of the Republic. She will need to multiply her forty-seven colleges and schools, her 500 teachers, her 10,000 pupils, her annual gift of over $100,000, and her $2,000,000 worth of working property. This nurse may yet tyrannize the household.

6. The Educational Society, which is the Tutor, who too often spends the greater part of a natural life chasing a comma around the tail of a pronoun trying to land it, but who is as important to a growing heir as commas and pronouns are to civilized language. It has 203 colleges and theological seminaries—47,830 students and $26,526,389 in property and endowments.

7. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, which is the Intelligence Office, planted in our midst by the Court of Heaven, to keep the men informed concerning God's campaigns, and to consecrate their money "unbeknownst" to them. The five senses of the Society are intelligence, economy, industry, consecration, and holy zeal. Like most women, it has a sixth sense, the sense of getting there—so testifies the $313,937 raised, and the 60,000 women helped in all lands last year.

8. The Woman's Home Missionary Society, which, as usual, is the wisest, the best, the most Christ-like of all the family, the Daughter selected to remain at home, who orders the servants, nurses the aged parents, disciplines the grandchildren, and maintains the dignities and proprieties of the family. She is the one character without whom no family ever

achieves much place in life. She raised last year $182,216.

9. The Deaconess Society, which is the Woman's Exchange, where the brain and heart and muscle of the unemployed are coined into the circulating medium of heaven. Let me emphasize the brain, for these deaconesses are nearly all educated—they are not mere waiting-girls. It has 559 deaconesses, and owns $257,775 worth of property.

10. The Hospital Board, which is the New Testament Evangelist, going, like the Master, into soul-healing through body-healing.

11. Homes for Orphans and for the Aged, which are the Divine Baskets, gathering up the fragments on great feast days, that nothing may be lost.

12. The Epworth League, which is the Volunteer Army, where raw recruits, by much drilling and some skirmishing, are matured into regular soldiers and veterans, who ask not for the number of the enemies, but for a chance to meet them. The League, with its 1,650,000 members, is to the Church what the hind legs are to the kangaroo. They make the kangaroo jump; but, remember always, it is the kangaroo that jumps. The League makes the Church go; but it is the Church that goes. The League is the last apostle in the company, somewhat like Paul, not made by the chance of casting lots or flipping a penny; but makes its own way, defends its own apostleship, and, like Paul, when strengthened by experience, will be the mightiest apostle in the company.

The Overflow of Methodism.

The bungling statistics above do not measure Methodism, any more than putting a man's brains onto the scales would measure the man. These figures only indicate Methodism. As we come to your great Church for our experimental religion, so we come to your great Church and land for units of measure. Green, your great historian of the English people, tells us of Pitt's defects, distresses and sources of power. In one decade, by the sword of Clive, he recaptured India; with money poured into the coffers of Frederick and soldiers poured into his legions, checked the game in Europe, saving Germany; and by the sword of Wolfe on the Heights of Abraham, he drove the French out of the Valley of the Mississippi, saving that continent for better uses. Now Green tells us, that but for the moral reformation wrought by John Wesley and his followers, Pitt would have had nothing upon which to stand, and would have been helpless in the great strife of modern times. But the moral conviction of the English people made a sure foundation for Pitt and enabled him to save the 300,000,000 of India, making the empire English instead of French, Protestant instead of Catholic; also, to protect Frederick the Great and make possible the German Empire; and to keep the Continent of North America for a free Republic. These three Protestant nations are magnificent trophies for the little man of Epworth. These indicate some of the overflow of Methodism beyond the statistics in this country and in the world.

So, with us, Methodism has a vast residuum of power never gathered in her statistics. It is not too much to say that a large per-cent. of the communicants in other Orthodox Churches were converted at Methodist altars. Methodism has given new life to all the Churches, and I thank God that they have been so blessed.

Methodism, born with the Republic, has taken the State by the hand, and has kept even step with her. Mr. Lincoln said, "It was not the fault of the other Churches that the Methodist Church sent more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any other." We remember with sad and grateful pride that every fifth grave that made the Southland billowy like the sea was filled with a communicant of the Methodist Episcopal Church. "These low, green tents, whose curtains never outward swing," represent Methodist patriotism and valour. So it seems to us only natural that we should send families to the White House—Grant and Hayes—and that we have to-day a Methodist communicant in President McKinley. We have no anxiety about his forgetting God.

It is no insignificant part of the work of Methodism that it furnishes the most vital and crowning element in building a nation and a civilization. Many elements are involved; but the development and dissemination of personal kinship and fellowship with God are absolutely essential to the widest liberty and most exalted character. Touched in this last century and a half with the spirit of personal kinship and fellowship with God, these English-speaking peoples have risen to the highest civilization known among men, and marching with the swing of conquest, they walk over the earth as if they owned it. Like chivalrous knights

of high heaven, they feel called upon to right the great wrongs, to defend the helpless, lift up the poor, and establish prosperous peace, or know the reason why.

Sometimes this elevating work seems so slow and so long that men doubt whether the Anglo-Saxon is helping or robbing. But the Anglo-Saxon seldom, if ever, turns back, when once he has set himself at a task, no matter how poor or how dark the clay. If the poor fellow will live and not die, work and not faint, the Saxon will put him on his feet, strengthen his knees, lift up his chin, open his eyes, give him a family, a home, a castle, a flag, and a country for this world, and set him up in business for the next world with a faith, a soul, and a God.

Kipling caught the spirit when he wrote:

"Said England unto Pharaoh, 'I must make a man of you,
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do;'
And she sent old Pharaoh, Sergeant Whatisname.

"Said England unto Pharaoh, 'Though at present singing small,
You shall have a proper tune before it ends;'
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once for all,
And left them in the desert making friends.

"It was not a crystal palace nor cathedral,
It was not a public-house of common fame;
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

"It was wicked, bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first);
There was heat and dust and coolie work and sun;
There were vipers, flies, and sand-storms, there was cholera and thirst;
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.

"Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,
Like the Israelites from bondage so he came,
'Tween the cloud o' dust and fire, to the land of his desire,
And his Moses, it was Sergeant Whatisname!"

The Anglo-Saxon integrity, which is stronger than Anglo-Saxon greed of land, and the Anglo-Saxon moral sense, which is deeper than Anglo-Saxon passion for power, is the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, in which the God of Providence dwells, that is guiding the fugitives from all despotisms to the promised land.

Under the Union Jack.

Wandering over the far East, nothing comforted me more than the sight of the English flag. I felt the grip of Anglo-Saxon integrity. The flag represented the most stable Government and most varied administration ever yet tested by history. It represented that astute statesmanship that keeps the end sought always superior to the means used, and varies the fashion of the administration to fit down upon the human topography of every island and peninsula. It seems sometimes like a world-embracing octopus, with its head upon the cliffs of England, and its long arms reaching everywhere, drawing the peoples and races up out of heathenism and out of slavery and out of poverty, up into prosperity and into liberty and into civilization. I felt while under the Union Jack absolutely safe. If any one harmed a hair of my head, a British warship would push an interrogation mark under their eyes, and they must answer or do worse.

I am looking at you out of straight, honest American eyes, and talking out of a loyal American heart, uttering not one sentiment which I have not uttered at home. I would despise myself more for lying to you than for lying against you. The Stars and Stripes have never been much in the far East. Whatever we have done there in our mission fields has been chiefly because the Union Jack has made it possible. We have stayed in those Western waters, and expected to stay there forever. But the other day Spain exploded a magazine under our prow, and we were blown into the air, and we came down everywhere. I now hope for the time when the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, side by side, shall make every yard of water and every acre of land safe for prayer or for trade. That nation of assassins, of ship scuttlers, of poisoners of wells, and of murderers of women, and butchers of babes, call us "Yankee pigs" and you "English dogs." Maybe we will soon be all dogs. They may find us to be the watch-dogs of the world.

The soft, sleek, smiling races, who had rather lie than tell the truth, even when

there is no motive for lying, who lie even to themselves for the fun of being deceived, say that these Anglo-Saxon, English-speaking people are bad neighbours. They say the Anglo-Saxon is the robber of the races; the Anglo-Saxon is the butcher of mankind. True, our blood has a rough, hard record on the surface. The first clear vision of the Saxon as he sails into the light of modern history is yonder on the North Sea, standing on a a slippery deck and waving a bloody cutlass. He was a pirate. Somebody gave him a New Testament. He got religion and was baptized, and ever since then he has been a baptized pirate.

It matters not which branch of the family you study, this great branch on the islands and on the sea, or that other equally great branch on yonder continent, and in the act of going to sea; the record is about equally rough. Take this branch. No, you know your own record better than I do. Take our branch. We have met three races, and what have we done with them? We met the Indian, and he would not work for us, so we killed him and took his pony and his scalp and his land. Then we sung the long-metre Doxology. When we landed on Plymouth Rock, first we dropped on our knees, and second we dropped on the aborigines. Next we met the African, and he would work for us, and we enslaved him. Now we have met the Chinaman, and we do not know what to do with him. He will work for us, so we do not want to kill him. But he will not become our slave, so we do not want to not kill him. We tried it—that is, our blood tried it yonder in the islands. All this seems to be a hard record. But this ought, in all fairness, also to be said. We have never robbed a people without making them richer than they were before we robbed them. We have never subjugated a people without making them nobler than they were before we subjugated them; and we have never enslaved a people without making them freer than they were before we enslaved them. For, taking the ages through, and the world around, there can be found nowhere else such liberties as are found under the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

Brothers I see more in this

Federation of English-Speaking Peoples

than the strutting of our proud police of the seas, and the barking of our war-dogs. I see rather the better chance for perpetual peace, and the growth of the gentler virtues. I hate war. When war makes murder and arson and theft and lying virtues, then the common virtues, such as forgiveness, honesty, mercy, and integrity, do not thrive. War is tolerable only as a peace measure. I once asked General Grant, "On what do you depend most for your kindly remembrance among men, for your fame?" I was wondering which of his campaigns or battles he thought greatest. He had the longest list of great battles and uninterrupted victories, with the greatest armies, and greatest hosts of prisoners of the best fighting race known to history to choose from. I wondered whether he would mention the Vicksburg campaign, or the Chattanooga campaign, or the Virginia campaign. This most successful warrior took the breath out of me by answering promptly: "The Treaty of Washington, by which we settled by arbitration the Alabama claims with Great Britain without an appeal to the sword." Then he added: "Already England and the United States are sufficiently advanced to settle their disputes by arbitration; soon two or three of the other great powers will come up to the same level. Then these great nations will not allow the others to fight." He had so much of the ken of the statesman and of the vision of the prophet, that he saw approaching that time when wars and warriors would be forgotten, and the Treaty of Washington would stand as the first great arbitration treaty settling most difficult and aggravated claims. I see in such a federation of English-speaking people a run into the sunrise of the future.

The time is coming when these two flags, floating over a sea, or over a continent, will make it impossible for a gun to throw a bullet beyond its muzzle, or for a soldier to lift his foot, unless the order is given in the English tongue.

There may be some dark hours before that sunrise. We may have to illustrate what we can do together. We have shown our motion running singly. But you know sometimes two fast horses running together bite each other's necks or kick over the pole. Bismarck prophesied we will do that. Maybe the wish is father of the prophecy. But if the other nations give us something else to do, we will soon run together like twins, and will show them a speed that will make "all the world wonder."

In the old strife against the slave-trade in your own country, for a time Wilberforce was alone. He had but one friend, Dr. Lushington. One day he said to Dr.

Lushington: "There is no one to stand by me in the House except you. So when you make a speech I shall cheer you, and you take care that when I get up to make a speech you cheer me." Thus they braced up each other's spirits. This may be good doctrine for us to practise back and forth across the Atlantic.

Alfred Austin has shown his right to the chair of Alfred Tennyson in his recent

CRY OF KINSHIP.

"What is the voice I hear,
On the wind of the Western sea?
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
And say what the voice may be.
'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people proud and free.

"And it says to them, 'Kinsmen, hail!
We severed have been too long;
Now let us have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be stronger than death is strong.'

"Answer them, sons of the selfsame race,
And blood of the selfsame clan;
Let us speak with each other face to face,
And answer as man to man,
And loyally love and trust each other as none but freemen can.

"Now fling them out to the breeze,
Shamrock, Thistle, and Rose,
And the Star-spangled Banner unfurl with these,
A message to friends and foes,
Wherever the sails of peace are seen, and wherever the war-wind blows.

"A message to bond and thrall to wake,
For wherever we come, we twain,
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and quake,
And his menace be void and vain;
For you are lords of a strong, young land, and we are lords of the main.

"Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March gale.
'We severed have been too long;
But now we have done with a worn-out tale,
The tale of an ancient wrong,
And our friendship last long as love doth last, and be stronger than death is strong.'"

Brothers, I am not outside the facts of history when I say that the Spirit which God poured into the world through the lips, labour, and life of John Wesley has quickened this Anglo-Saxon people into power. The Anglo-Saxon stock is the engine and Methodism is the man in the cab, with his hand on the lever. This is the secret why these people are so free, fearless, and loyal. Germany accepted Protestantism about the same time that England did. Two and a half centuries later England and America received the new life from Epworth that quickened into life her formal Churches and moral sense. This century of gospel-preaching has lifted both these nations into personal responsibility. Had some Wesley arisen in Germany, when John Wesley arose in England, or had some Asbury been sent to Germany when Francis Asbury was sent to America, we should not hear to-day the humiliating statement that William sends his Budget to the Vatican to have it approved before he presents it in the Reichstag.

WHO CAN MEASURE OUR RESPONSIBILITY?

A visitor asked the keeper of the light at Calais, "Does your light ever grow dim or go out?" "Grow dim or go out?" said the astonished watchman, startled at the very suggestion. "Why, man, there are ships yonder at sea, in the darkness. If this light should grow dim or go out they might go upon the breakers." We are the lighthouse of these ages. If our lights grow dim or go out, the nations freighted with the liberties and destinies of millions, and of generations to come, might go upon the breakers. Our only safety is in close personal walk with God, in walking with God as our fathers did; keeping ourselves personally in such fellowship that we can detect the least approach of sin and hear the slightest prompting of the Spirit, and receive constantly new supplies of spiritual power.

God help us, that we may have not only "the arduous greatness of things achieved," but also the heroic greatness that can do all things through the strengthening grace of Jesus Christ.

Brothers, the toiling night is well-nigh passed; the future is bright with the advancing morning. The ages are rolling together at our feet. In Constantinople once, on the Sultan's birthday, I saw that great old cathedral, St. Sofia, illumined. Everywhere along the aisles and around the chancel, and along the gallery fronts, and round the columns, and in the alcoves and niches, and in and about all the windows, everywhere, were placed candles and tapers by the hundred and by the thousand. As the shades of evening settled in the gloomy recesses of the building, a multitude of men went everywhere with their torches, lighting the candles and tapers. The smoke from

the torches and candles seemed almost to add to the gloom. Now and then a gust from an open window extinguished some flickering tapers. It took much time, but we could see by the flickering lights and lines of sparks that the great building was being illumined, and was marking its dim outline up against a dark sky. As I watched the tedious process, I thought, This is not altogether unlike the work of the Church in the early centuries lighting the world. The messengers and torch-bearers stumbled along through the great masses of heathenism and pagan superstitions, here and there kindling a taper and awakening tribes and nations; many of these tapers were extinguished by the migrations of the people, and many quenched in blood by the red hand of war, yet slowly gaining on the darkness and spreading the circle of the light.

I have seen another illumination that suits our time better. It was yonder in the White City of the World's Fair. It was in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building. That was a vast structure, covering over thirty acres of ground. Beneath its ample roof were gathered all the nations of the earth. Here the English and there the Russians exhibited their merchandise. The Germans, French, Italians, Scandinavians, all the families of Europe, had their departments. Turks, Arabs, Japanese, Chinese, Hindoos, Africans, representatives from the teeming families of Asia and Africa, presented their various products; Mexico, the South American Republics, and those from the islands of the sea, were busy with their merchandise and products. The lighting of it was a modern problem. Modern genius ran wires and electric apparatus everywhere over the building, along the rafters, up the bents, along the girders, about the galleries, over the booths, through the aisles, everywhere. It took work and time and money and genius and thought to run all the wires, place all the switches, hang all the arcs, swing all the tubes, plant all the batteries, and make all the complicated machinery converge upon one point under one button. But when this wire-running and light-placing was done, the work of illumining the building was about accomplished. At the appointed time, in the gathering darkness, one hand turned on the current, and in an instant the whole scene was changed. Quick as thought, light flashed from roof and gallery, from brace and girder, from booths and towers along the aisles, through the passages, in the tents and pavilions, everywhere. Over the section of the Briton and the camp of the Russian, over the resting-place of the Turk and of the Hindoo, over the palaces of the German and of the French, everywhere over the quarters of the Chinese and of the Japanese, flashed this light, like the light of the new sun risen in the evening, and the whole vast building was one blaze of light.

So it seems to me that the Christian Church has been patiently preparing the way for illumining the world. The stations have been planted, churches built, schools opened, presses started, dictionaries compiled, grammars braided, literature created, great lines of communication secured—railroads, steamships, telegraphs, printing-presses, Bible societies, everything seems to be in readiness. Millions of believers have a rich experience, and good theology, and increasing zeal. High schools and colleges and universities are making ready a great army competent to teach the Word. Fortunes beyond the necessities of their owners are being accumulated by the hundred millions; all things now seem ready. My faith is humbly and hopefully looking to see the Holy Spirit come upon the Churches, and flash along these lines, lighting all lands. Already I see light shining on the summits of the Himalayas and pouring down upon the upturned faces and uplifted hands of the millions in the valley of the Ganges, and streaking over the plains of China, and streaming over the islands of Japan, and flashing like heat lightning over the Dark Continent. The time is not far distant when a nation shall be born in a day, and the whole earth shall be covered with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the great deep.

In yonder Southern Hemisphere, on the South Atlantic, I have stood on the deck and gazed up at that most attractive constellation, the Southern Cross. Once to see it is always to look for it when the night comes down. On that southern sea the sailors watch it with unflagging interest. In the lone hours of the night you can sometimes hear the watch on deck calling out to the watch on the lookout, "Ho, Watch, what of the night?" The answer comes back, "The night is passing and is far spent, and the morning is at hand, for the cross begins to bend." So to-day, standing in the lookout, looking over the dark sea and darker lands, am I asked, "What of the night?" I can answer, "The night is passing and is far spent, and the morning is at hand, for the Cross begins to bend."

The World's Progress.

Exit Khalifa.

History is being made very fast during these times. The overwhelming victory over the Mahdists won by the Sirdar Kitchener maintains the noblest traditions of British arms. The campaign on the Upper Nile was not a war of aggression. It was not to avenge the death of Gordon. It was to maintain the rights of Egypt to her great Soudanese empire from which she was unjustly ousted by the fanatical and bloodthirsty Mahdists. Its result is to carry law and order and civilization through a vast and fertile region which had been rendered a very hell on earth by the barbarism and brutality of the Khalifa. It was a most extraordinary example of the thorough and efficient organization of the British army that such a crushing blow could be delivered in the heart of Africa, sixteen hundred miles up the narrow, shallow and tortuous Nile. The movement of troops, stores, arms and equipments without any hitch or disaster was like the action of a piece of machinery, as steady as clockwork, and was in striking contrast to the mistakes, disasters and miseries which accompanied the late Cuban campaign.

Another milestone has been passed in Britain's triumphal march from Cairo to the Cape. In the interests of civilization, of religion, of the many warring tribes of Africa themselves, the whole world may rejoice in these victories of Britain's arms. The congratulations of Kaiser Wilhelm and of the American press show a recognition of the disinterested valour of Great Britain in spending her treasure, in shedding the blood of her bravest and best for no selfish purpose but to throw wide open the doors of trade and commerce to all mankind.

The Olive Branch in the Bear's Paw.

Such is the picturesque phrase in which the *Christian Advocate* describes the overtures of the Czar of Russia in favour of a peace conference. We trust that this will be the turning-point in the history of the world. The burden of the armed truce of the Great Powers has become unendurable. It is crushing the very life out of the industries of the nations. The young Czar will win the eternal gratitude of mankind if he will lead the way to a universal disarmament. The greenest leaf in the laurels of his grandsire, Alexander II., is his emancipation of twenty millions of serfs. A brighter crown will be that of the monarch who can relieve mankind of the crushing burden of war and end forever the slaughters of the battlefield.

The autocrat of all the Russias can better set the pace than any other power. His empire is immune to hostile invasion. It has grown enormously during the century. It has secured the ice-free harbours, to which it would be a dog-in-the-manger selfishness for any power to object. Its greatest need is opportunity to develop its internal communication and civilization, that the menaced famine of Little Russia may be averted by the rich harvests of the Ukraine and of the vast Siberian plains.

It is said that through the good offices of Queen Victoria the Princess of Wales was sent to Copenhagen to meet her sister, the Empress Dowager of Russia, who is known to be earnestly in favour of peace. Through these channels the Queen's aversion to the war with Russia, into which Britain seemed to be inevitably drifting, was made known to the Czar, and this led to his overtures for peace. If this be so it is a greater glory to the later years of her Majesty's reign than if her army or navy had won a great battle.

The difficulty of gradual disarmament should not be great. Let the powers cease to *increase* their armies and navies as they have been doing in mad race for years. Russia's threat to build new warships was met by England's resolve to build twice as many. If only a halt is called in this march towards ruin much will be gained. Thus gradually mutual confidence will be restored, the blessings of peace will be appreciated, the rusting ironclads will not be replaced, the vast standing armies will gradually be mustered out by the great conqueror Death, and if no dragon's teeth of discord be sown there will spring up no crop of armed men.

Britain, the great rival of Russia in the East, may well reciprocate these overtures of peace. The German Emperor seems to be coming to a saner mind and to be less anxious to pose as war-lord of Europe. Italy and Austria will be glad to roll off the crushing burden of Atlas from their

shoulders. France may sulk and fume and nurse her wrath at the retention of Alsace and Lorraine; but she needs peace above all things till her Twentieth Century Exposition is over. The exposure of the Dreyfus scandal has given a shock to the nation which for the time has paralyzed the influence of the army and shown the political rottenness of its organization.

The Thugs of Christendom.

The world shrinks aghast at the diabolism which has led to the assassination of the Empress of Austria, of the Czar Alexander, of Presidents Lincoln and Garfield, and to the repeated attempts which have been made on the life of Queen Victoria, of the reigning Czar, of the young Queen Wilhelmina and many others. An epidemic of this fiendishness seems to have broken out. Within a week the Queen of Holland, on the day of her coronation, in her youth and beauty, was made the target for the assassin's bullet. The Czar of Russia, who has just penned the most beneficent document of the century, the proposal for universal disarmament, barely escaped destruction by an explosion which killed one of his chief officers and his wife. And now the aged and invalid Empress Elizabeth, seeking health on the lovely shores of Lake Leman, is smitten down by a cynical savage. A gang of Italian anarchists determined to assassinate the principal European sovereigns and the President of the French Republic. They succeeded only too well in their dastardly attempt on one of the most amiable and beloved of them all. We believe no punishment meted out to the murderer will prevent such an attempt in the future. The wretched assassin doubtless conceives himself to be a martyr to a principle—the destruction of monarchism. The chief cause of such attempts we deem to be the military burdens which are crushing the life out of the masses of the people and driving them to frenzied retaliation. They are tired of being mere food for powder, of being the pawns on the chessboards of kings. Their madness is inexcusable, but is not inexplicable. The only cure for this evil will be the abolition of war, the growth of constitutional liberty, and the spread of true religion.

Victories of Peace.

But yesterday Great Britain seemed to be in a state of splendid isolation, with every power of Europe and America against her. To-day she has the goodwill and moral support of the victorious American Republic. By Kitchener's victory and the Anglo-German intent, whereby she controls the Delagoa Bay, and has interned the turbulent Transvaal Republic, she has a free hand in Africa. Li Hung Chang is dismissed in disgrace, and Britain's influence is again in the ascendant at Pekin. Truly these are victories of diplomacy surpassing the most brilliant victories of war.

The Twin-Flags.

The growth of the Anglo-American good-will has been shown in the addresses in the General Conference, in the blended British and American flags at the Methodist banquet, in the fraternizing of Canadian and American military organizations at the Toronto Fair, and in the more than kind and cordial utterances by the British, American and Canadian speakers at these international gatherings, and most conspicuously in Bishop Fowler's splendid address, printed elsewhere. How much more rational and Christian is this than the spiteful utterance of the yellow journals which but recently sought to embroil the kindred nations in war.

The Quebec Conference.

It is to be hoped that the meeting of the distinguished Canadian, British and American diplomats at the fortress city of Quebec, will remove most, if not all, of the causes of irritation between the two countries whose borders march for three thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These questions may be difficult of solution—the Behring Sea Seal Rookeries, the Klondike Passes, the Alaska Frontier, the Fisheries of the Atlantic Coast and Reciprocity of Trade; but where a spirit of justice, conciliation and good-will exists, these difficulties can be overcome.

Queen Wilhelmina.

The accession to the throne of Holland of the young Queen Wilhelmina recalls that of the youthful Victoria to the greater throne of Britain sixty years ago. There is something extremely touching in the chivalry of the nation towards their sovereign as she assumes the cares of state. The heroic traditions of the House of Orange will be an inspiration to high

endeavour. Her youthful piety is an augury of the prosperity of her reign. "Trusting in God and with the prayer that he may give me strength," she said, "I accept the Government."

Canada First Again.

Canada has added another link to the golden chain that is binding the mother to the daughter land. By the persistent efforts of Sir William Mulock penny postage has been secured between Great Britain and Canada, South Africa and Australia. This will be the best immigration agency the Government can adopt. The letters from contented settlers in Canada to their kinsfolk in the Old Land will do more to fill up our North-West than any number of stereopticon lectures.

Turkish Cruelties in Candia.

The outbreak in Candia shows that the dying race of the Turks is not fit to govern that island. The atrocities of the Turkish troops wreaked upon the Christian population are worse than any of Weyler's on the Cuban insurgents. The Christian powers should drive the Moslems out of Crete and establish a civilized administration. England has had ten war-ships at Crete, and all the other powers eleven, Germany having only one. England has had 2,020 troops on shore, Italy 1,412, Russia 1,400, France 1,250, Austria 600 and Germany 11. Yet it is Germany which has prevented the coercion of the Sultan. The Kaiser seems to be coquetting with the Butcher of Constantinople for special privileges in Palestine. Next month will see some theatrical *coup* at Jerusalem.

"The People That Delight in War."

I.

Glitter of steel along the sunny street,
A strain of martial music clear and loud,
The stream of scarlet flowing like a tide
'Mid the wild cheering of the eager crowd,
The blazoned banners floating far and wide,
And sounding over all the measured beat—
Like rolling drums—of those exultant feet
That march to death or glory side by side,
Thus they go forth who never may return,
A deadly fever fills the Nation's veins,
The fires of Passion fierce and fiercer burn,
Till—as some captive panther bursts its chains—
Men stand amazed at the tremendous sight,
Empire 'gainst Empire arming in its might.

II.

This is the pride of War. Ah! who shall tell
The story's issue? 'Tis that redd'ning field
Across whose length a thirsty river runs,
Fed with their blood who knew not how to yield:
Who died 'mid cannon's smoke and roar of guns,
And trampling hosts that crushed them as they fell;
'Mid strife that turns the fair earth into hell,
Whilst Rachel's voice laments her glorious sons!
The Death-wail sobs above the Victor song;
Such tears might tarnish even Honour's prize,
And our sick hearts cry out, "How long! how long!
Lord God of Battles? When wilt thou arise?
When shall Thy Kingdom come — Thy Righteous Law,
Healing the Nations from the wounds of war?"

—*Christian Burke.*

AT SUMMER'S CLOSE.

A Sketch in Colours.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Now the slant sunbeams, through autumnal haze,
Soft amber light o'er all the land are shedding.
Now asters royal-hued, and goldenrod
From field and roadside greet you. Grape-vines now
Hang thick with purpling clusters; apple-boughs
Are bending earthward, laden with a wealth
Of green, and russet, and rich ruby red;
The pink-cheeked peaches blush their rosiest now;
Now pears are purest yellow; damsons now
In their dark blue are dressing. And, e'en now,
The artist-hand of Autumn is beginning
To try her tints among the maple trees,—
Here is a spray all saffron-streaked, and there
One splashed with scarlet. In these late, last hours,
When Summer's day is closing, she hath colours
Her noontide never knew.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

We cannot attempt to do more in the few pages at our command than give some general impressions of the ecclesiastical parliament of our Church. These quadrennial Conferences are very notable occasions. It is no small tribute to their affection for the Church of their choice that many men of mark, leading statesmen, busy merchants, and professional men, ministers in charge of important stations and circuits, professors of our colleges and others, devote themselves week after week with such assiduity to their duties as representatives of the Methodist Church. If anyone thinks it is a mere holiday to attend the General Conference he would be greatly undeceived by a practical experience of its duties. A continual succession of committees or Conference sessions fill up every day from nine o'clock till often late at night. How our ever-youthful General Superintendent, the Rev. Dr. Carman, keeps up with the exhaustive strain of his public duties is a marvel. One of the most interesting features of the Conference was his magnificent inaugural address.

This statesmanlike document swept over a wide range of topics, ecclesiastical and civil, the greatest emphasis, however, being made upon the great moral crusade, the Prohibition campaign, which is now being waged in this land. Dr. Carman's stern arraignment and tremendous indictment of the liquor traffic as the enemy of all righteousness, the foe of God and man, and his summons to the Church to fight it to the death, rang like a trumpet call. The Conference ordered 100,000 copies of this appeal to be printed as a campaign document, and circulated throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

THE MILLION DOLLAR FUND.

The first field day of the Conference was the debate on the Million Dollar Fund. This was suggested by the proposition of George Perks, Esq., M.P., of the British Conference, to raise a million guineas as a thank-offering for the past, and for aggressive work in the future. It was brought forward in Canada by the Rev. Dr. Potts, our energetic Secretary of Education, whose proposition was strongly indorsed by the Annual Conferences. His resolution recognized the great and manifold blessings, temporal and spiritual, national and social, which we have so abundantly shared as a Church, blessings which call for thanksgiving and practical acknowledgment. He supported this in a stirring address. It was not, he said, a time for mere rhetoric gush or the fostering of denominational pride. It was an occasion for bringing in the tithes into God's storehouse and making the offering a benediction to the Church. The movement should be characterized, too, he said, by strict business principles, so that it would appeal to the strong, hard-headed business men of the Connexion. The completion of the undertaking would send them over into the twentieth century on a tidal wave of success which should make the Church an influence for righteousness in the world that could not now be fully estimated. He urged that it should be a united work, not merely the work of the millionaire Methodists and those who are millionaires in mind though not in purse ; it should enlist the sympathies and co-operation of every individual in the entire Church.

The motion was seconded in a vigorous speech by a representative layman of New Brunswick, Dr. Inch, the Superintendent of Education of that province. The Hon. J. J. Rogerson, of Newfoundland, another large-hearted layman, promised the enthusiastic support of the Methodists of Britain's oldest colony. Mr. Joseph Gibson, an Ontario lay delegate, aroused great enthusiasm by the statement that the victory of the Prohibition party at the approaching Prohibition Plebiscite would effect such economies as would many times exceed the amount of the proposed fund.

The Rev. Dr. Courtice, Editor of the *Guardian*, considered that one of the chief benefits of the movement would be the cultivation of a wider, stronger, deeper connexional spirit throughout the Church. If the people were fused to a white heat by some such large and aggressive onward movement they would be welded together as never before.

There was too much sectionalism, he thought, in their enterprises, different conferences and different departments being absorbed in their own work; there had been more criticism of their leaders than generous-hearted allegiance. Thomas Nixon, an energetic layman from Manitoba, denied this alleged sectionalism, and said that the Church as a whole was loyal to its great missionary and educational enterprises.

Rev. J. E. Lanceley argued in favour of raising two million dollars instead of one as being the easier task of the two. He also advocated the scheme by which the Church should take over all the Church property from the congregations and control it on lines larger than mere local ones. It was argued in reply that the Church debts were chiefly in the larger cities, that they were only a small percentage on their Church assets, and it would be impossible to create an enthusiasm throughout the country districts for the debts on city churches. Dr. Richard Brown, a sturdy Englishman, expressed his enthusiastic belief in the feasibility of the project in parody on the Jingo phrase, "We have got the Church, we have got the men, we have got the money, too." The Hon. Senator Cox expressed himself in hearty sympathy with the movement, and would do what he could to help it. He believed the Methodist Church owed it to the God of their mercies to pay their honest debts. The Church was indebted in many ways, and the obligations should be met. Mr. Edward Gurney said the Church was fettered by limitations and indebtedness of which it should be relieved for her usefulness and aggressive work. A delegate suggested that, to show their earnestness, instead of the "ayes" and "nays" they should vote by standing, when almost every man sprang to his feet, and the vote was carried with the greatest enthusiasm. A prolonged debate ensued on the disposition of the Fund. It was finally decided to make the following the beneficiaries: The Educational, Missionary—Home and Foreign, Superannuation and Supernumerary interests, and local debts, each donor to be at liberty to designate that which he preferred.

THE BANQUET.

One of the most interesting episodes of the Conference was the magnificent banquet tendered it by the Social Union, of Toronto. This delightful exercise of hospitality owes its inspiration largely to Mr. Chester Massey, the president of the Union, but he had the hearty co-operation of every member of that body. The Horticultural Pavilion was a vision of delight. It was gracefully festooned with three thousand yards of bunting in red, white and blue, and coloured electric lights gleamed from clusters of evergreen. Over the platform hung a portrait of John Wesley, with the words, "The world is my parish." Portraits of Drs. Punshon, Ryerson, Nelles, "Bishop" Black, and other makers of Methodism in this land, were displayed on either side. Shields and scrolls bore the names of scores of men and women dear to the heart of our people from Barbara Heck, the mother of American and Canadian Methodism, down to later benefactors of our Church.

Sir Oliver Mowat, an elder of the Presbyterian Church, and a noble Christian statesman, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of which for a quarter of a century he was Premier, gave a delightfully fraternal address. He said his first speech was given at a Methodist meeting fifty-seven years ago, before most of his hearers were born. He certainly made a good beginning of a most distinguished public career. Dr. Raymond spoke eloquently of the Methodism of the present, its achievements, and the problems that confronted it. Dr. Coke Smith, with prophetic vision, foretold the triumphs of its future.

MAINTAINING THE STANDARDS.

One of the most important debates was on the proposal of Dr. James Mills, seconded by Mr. F. S. Lazier, Q.C., to eliminate from the Discipline the clause explaining the general rules as forbidding the use of intoxicating liquors, dancing, playing games of chance, engaging in lotteries, attending theatres, horse races, circuses, dancing parties, etc. It was urged that these specifications were like the minutiæ of the rabbinical additions to the laws of Moses, prescribing the tithings of mint, anise and cummin.

Dr. Mills proposed the substitution of a paragraph enjoining upon the members of the Church whatsoever is required in the Holy Scriptures and forbidding whatsoever is contrary to the letter or spirit thereof. He referred to the prejudices against the organ and piano in former times, the conscientious scruples of the Quakers, Mennonites, and also of the Omish sect, who regard it as a positive sin to use buttons on their clothes instead of hooks and eyes. He urged that it was wiser to assert general

principles rather than minute rules of conduct.

Mr. John T. Moore, on the contrary, urged the need of the Church maintaining its standard in these regards. He knew there were many who would sell body and soul to get into that which is called society, but God forbid that the Methodists should cater to this sentiment. When people were found who advocated theatres, which were often the vestibule of perdition, and cards, which were the implements of the devil, and which were to be found in every hell-hole in this country, it was necessary to tell them that the Methodist Church did not tolerate these forms of sin. The home that admitted cards was committing a terrible wrong, was putting into the hands of the young the instruments of gamblers and blacklegs. This note which it was sought to eliminate was not a reckless denunciation of innocent amusements, but a wise and kindly enumeration of those things which were harmful.

S. F. Lazier, Q.C., contended that young people were prevented from coming into the Church by the existence of this rule, and that, instead, they joined the Presbyterian and Anglican Churches. Dr. Crothers, in a stirring speech, maintained the right of the Church to place safeguards around its young people. Mr. Edward Gurney, seconded by Dr. Burwash, moved the following substitute for the note in the Discipline :

"These general rules are to be interpreted in harmony with the teachings of the New Testament, which call for the consecration of our whole life to the service of Christ, and which make the Christian law of truth, purity, justice and charity supreme in the heart of all Christians."

Mr. Gurney argued strongly in favour of larger personal liberty. Chancellor Burwash argued also in favour of cultivating a more intelligent knowledge of what was right and what was wrong. It was keeping the people in a state of tutelage, of mere bondage to specific commandments, to specify particulars, instead of raising them to the great moral principles which should regulate and guide lives and make them self-governing.

Dr. Maclaren argued strongly for the maintenance of the Discipline as it stood. He was not content that the Methodist Church of to-day should be satisfied with thundering against the sins which were prevalent in Judea two thousand years ago and remaining dumb to our own sins. In reply to the statement that this legislation was sending the young people into other Churches, he referred to the Dominion census of 1891, wherein it was shown that while the Roman Catholics and Anglicans, with large accessions from immigration, had relatively decreased in numbers, and while the Presbyterians had hardly held their own, the Methodists had made the most marked increase. Lest they should say that this might be so in the country but was not so in the cities, he called attention to the fact that in the ten years between 1881 and 1891 the Methodist population in the cities had trebled itself. The Conference by a very large majority decided to maintain the restrictive clauses.

THE ELECTIONS.

It is significant of the appreciation by the Methodist Church of the services rendered by the General Conference officers, that no change in their personnel has been made. The popular Book Stewards at Toronto and Halifax, Revs. Dr. Briggs and S. F. Huestis, received an almost unanimous vote. The Rev. Dr. Dewart, who so long occupied the *Guardian* tripod, received 70 votes for the editorship, but Dr. Courtice received 126, with a few scattered votes. Dr. Sutherland, who has held the difficult office of General Secretary of Missions for over a score of years, was returned by a decisive vote. Dr. Henderson was elected to the office of Associate Secretary. The following brethren were elected unanimously, a ballot being cast for them by the Secretary of the Conference: Rev. Dr. Potts, Secretary of Education; Rev. A. C. Crews, Secretary of Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues; Rev. J. C. Woodsworth, Superintendent of Missions in the North-West; the Rev. Dr. Griffin and Mr. Edward Gurney, Treasurers of the Superannuation Fund; Dr. Sutherland and Hon. J. C. Aikins, Treasurers of the Missionary Society; and Dr. Potts and Senator Sanford, Treasurers of the Educational Society. The Editor of this Magazine was re-elected to the position which he has occupied for twenty-four years, by a vote of 207 out of 218 ballots cast.

THE FUTURE OF THE METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

The Editor by his almost unanimous re-election has received a mandate from the Methodist Church to make the periodicals committed to his care still more deserving the patronage of our people. He has ideals and efforts to reach them in

view, which will make a long stride forward in their development. Every year has seen marked progress, and in the immediate future this will be still more marked. It is too early yet too make full announcements, but the hearty co-operation of every reader is earnestly solicited to, if possible, double the circulation. The MAGAZINE will be made, the Editor confidently believes, the best denominational monthly in the world. Some kind friends have said it is that already, but it is far from his ideal.

It is a noteworthy fact that where once it secures an entrance to a household, it becomes a permanent visitor. At the General Conference, the Eastern Book Steward said that one gentleman was so enthusiastic about it, he ordered it to be sent to a friend who already received many magazines, with the promise to pay for it himself if the friend did not. The friend was surprised and delighted to find so excellent a family magazine in his Church, and forthwith ordered it for himself. Will not our patrons, especially our ministers, in like manner kindly call the attention of their friends to its merits, lend them a copy, and ask their subscription? As a

SPECIAL INDUCEMENT

We offer the fourteen numbers, from November to the end of 1889, for one year's subscription. New patrons will thus receive the whole of the story by the Rev. Charles Sheldon, author of "In His Steps, or What Would Jesus Do," entitled, "His Brother's Keeper." This is a powerfully-written story, discussing some of the most important social problems of the times—strikes, lock-outs, the liquor traffic and evangelizing the people. They will secure, too, the bright four-part story specially written for our pages, "A Princess in Calico." An early number will contain "An Experiment in Altruism," by James L. Hughes, Public School Inspector of Toronto. It describes the most remarkable industrial establishment in the world, on the high plane of what may be called Christian socialism. The various departments will be maintained with increased vigour, with superior illustration and great variety of contributions. Now is the time for a grand forward movement. Let us have the hearty help of all our friends. Send your subscriptions at once; $2.00 a year, or $1.75 with either *Guardian* or *Wesleyan*.

TEMPERANCE.

The report of the Temperance Committee was a stirring document. It reiterated the sentiment that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin. If it was not right for the individual man to sell liquor, how can it be right for the collective man, the State, to sell it? The ravages which the liquor traffic caused among the Indians of British Columbia were recited and deprecated. A noble declaration of principles was made, strongly condemning the license feature of all statutes, by which money is accepted for the legal protection of an immoral traffic, and protesting against the unholy alliance of the State and the liquor traffic.

FRATERNITY.

One of the most delightful features of the Conference was the exchange of fraternal greetings with the representatives of the Presbyterian and other Churches. The Rev. Dr. Torrance, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, spoke of the grand result of Union in the rapid development of that Church in Canada. Principal Caven, of Knox College, referring to the fact that both the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches were the result of the union of several minor bodies, asked, "Shall there be any future union?" The applause of the Conference showed that the thought was neither a novel nor an unwelcome conception. In his address at the Methodist banquet Sir Oliver Mowat heartily endorsed this sentiment. Whether there be further organic union or not it is at least cause for devoutest gratitude to God that such kindly relations, such true fraternity, exist between the different Churches.

Few meetings of the Conference were more interesting than that when the addresses of the delegates from the Methodist Churches of Great Britain and the United States were given. The kind and brotherly greetings of the Rev. John Bond, representing the mother Methodism of the world, of President Raymond, of Wesleyan University, delegate from the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Mr. Coke Smith, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, breathed the warmest spirit of Methodist affection and good will. These international and interdenominational courtesies cannot fail to bind the kindred nations and churches closer together.

RECENT DEATHS.

A few days after the death of his venerable colleague, Dr. Beatty, Dr.

John Wilson, Professor Emeritus of Victoria University, passed away from life. He will be remembered with deep feeling by hundreds of old Victorians as the kindly, modest, accomplished scholar that he was. Many of our ministers received their first insight into the original tongues of the Old and New Testament from his instruction. Through the infirmities of age he was some years ago superannuated from active work, but he still took a deep interest in the growth of the institution to which he had given the best energies of his life. Peace to the memory of honest, upright and lovable Dr. John Wilson.

One of our younger ministers, the Rev. T. A. Elliott, of Umatilla, Manitoba, died on August 22nd, at the Methodist parsonage at Dauphin, of typhoid fever. He had only been in the country for a short time. He was a young man of earnest piety and of much promise. He was a brother of the Rev. J. G. Elliott, now stationed at Reston, Manitoba.

A few days later, on August 27th, the Rev. Duncan George Harrison, brother of W. D. Harrison, of Bridgenorth, died at Nicholls Hospital, Peterboro'. He was an accomplished student at Victoria, where he took the prize in sacred oratory in April last. It is sad to think of these young brethren called so early from the service to which they had consecrated their lives.

Early in September the late Timothy Nattrass, a superannuated minister of the London Conference, passed from labour to reward. Brother Nattrass began his ministry in 1853. For the last twenty-three years he had lived in the city of London. He was a modest, unassuming brother, who was greatly beloved by all who knew him.

Rev. Dr. Asbury Lowrey died at his home in Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., August 5th. The immediate cause of his demise was the severe shock of a fall by which he sustained a fracture of the hip. As writer, preacher and editor, he gave his later years to the advocacy of the doctrine of holiness, in which he was a firm believer.

Items.

Dr. H. L. Lunn has for the present retired from active and regular participation in the Christian work carried on at the Regent Street Polytechnic, in order to assist Rev. Hugh Price Hughes in the work of the West London Mission during Mr. Hughes' presidency.

Principal John Caird, of the University of Glasgow, who died recently, was for many years one of the most noted preachers and most influential men in Scotland. His brother, Prof. Edward Caird, is Master of Balliol College, Oxford, since the death of Dr. Jowett. Dr. Caird came into special public notice through a sermon preached before Queen Victoria and Prince Albert in 1855, on "The Religion of Common Life." This was translated into many languages, and in the opinion of Dean Stanley was the greatest single sermon of the century. From 1862 until a few weeks since, he was connected with the Glasgow University, first occupying the chair of divinity and afterwards as principal of the college.—*Independent.*

The centenary of Methodism in the Bahamas is to be celebrated this year. The Missionary Committee of the English Wesleyan Church cannot send an official deputation, but the chairman of the Bahamas District had approached Dr. Stephenson with a view to securing his presence at the celebration.

There has been a greater increase in the number of converts in China during the last eight years than during the preceding eighty years.

The Church Missionary Society is most prayerfully watching the signs of the times with reference to opening a new mission in the Khartoum region as soon as the British troops shall recapture that city. This is only the revival of a plan formed years since, when General Gordon was in command in the Soudan.

A scheme has been prepared that marks a new departure in the policy of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and makes it possible for the Missionary Committee to appoint laymen to educational, medical or evangelistic work in the foreign field. As the law stands at present no man can be sent out by the committee for such work unless he be an ordained minister or on probation for ordination.

The London, Eng., *Methodist Recorder* notes with great satisfaction, as well it may, that at its final meeting for the year the Missionary Committee of the Wesleyan Methodist Church asked for the appointment of sixteen additional missionaries. It says: "No such step in advance has been taken, within our memory, by the Wesleyan Missionary Society." The growing receipts of the Society which make this increase of workers possible are partly the result of improved financial conditions, but more, perhaps, of enlarging interest in the missionary enterprise.

Book Notices.

Essays for the Times. Studies of Eminent Men and Important Living Questions. By Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, 75c.

The many friends of Dr. Dewart will be glad to read this volume of essays for the times from his practised pen. They are all upon important subjects, and all, we believe, have passed the ordeal of publication in some high-class review or magazine. The great topics which they discuss are of living interest and of permanent importance. They possess a combination of literary brilliance and strength of style, like a sword of steel with damascened blade and jewelled hilt. They have also a breadth of view, a liberality of thought, which show that Dr. Dewart, even when combating certain questionable tendencies in current theology, is fully abreast of modern theories.

There is a fascination about the character of "Robertson of Brighton" that justifies the ample treatment of his life and work. Every Methodist ought to be familiar with the noble character and epoch-making work of James Arminius, to whom the theology of Methodism owes so much. Few things are more instructive in literary history than the confessions and retractions of George John Romanes, who, for many years, was prime expounder of the Darwinian theory of evolution, but who in his riper and maturer thought "returned to that full deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ, which he had been for so many years conscientiously compelled to forego."

No subject can be more important for either pulpit or pew than the question, "What should ministers preach?" To this Dr. Dewart gives a strong, clear, decisive answer. A sturdy Christian optimism throbs in every line of the essay, "Is the World Growing Worse?" Other essays are, "The Tübingen School of Criticism," "The Last of the Great Prophets," "Moral Teaching of the Old Testament," etc.

In lighter vein is Dr. Dewart's sympathetic critique on Charles Sangster, whom he considers to hold a foremost place among our Canadian poets. Dr. Dewart also enriches the volume with some later poems of his own, written since the publication of his "Songs of Life." Among these are some which have commanded wide recognition both in the Old World and the New. The Jubilee poem on the Queen's long reign, that "On the Death of Lord Tennyson," and "Then and Now," a response to Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," and his recent magnificent "In Memoriam" to William Ewart Gladstone, have not, in our judgment, been surpassed in Canadian verse. Indeed, the Tennyson and Gladstone "In Memoriams" have not, we think, been equalled as elegies of these great men.

Sin and Holiness; or, What it is to be Holy. By Rev. D. W. C. Huntington, D.D., Chancellor Nebraska Wesleyan University. 12mo. Cloth. Pp. 288. Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.20.

The views presented in this book are greatly needed at the present time in the Church. The author says: "At the time of my conversion and connection with the Church I assumed the correctness of the teachings upon the subject of entire sanctification which I then received. I was taught that they were Scriptural and according to the standards of Methodism. Guided by those who received them in a similar way, I was led at two different periods of my Christian life to believe that I had 'experienced the blessing of sanctification,' understanding by that term, as I did, the removal or destruction of what I was instructed to regard as 'inbred sin.' That I did realize at each of these seasons a gracious uplift in spiritual life I shall never doubt. Christ was revealed to me and in me as He had not been revealed before. For weeks following, not a movement in my nature disturbed the deep calm of my spirit. I could say with another, 'I sought God in everything, and found Him everywhere.' That I experienced just what I thought I did, I do not now believe. I have evidence that the views presented in the following pages have, in the hand of God, been helpful to a considerable number of sincere but distressed children of God. These are my reasons for writing as I have written."

Dana's Revised Text-Book of Geology. Edited by WILLIAM NORTH RICE, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Geology, Wesleyan University. Cloth, 12mo, 482 pages, with copious illustrations. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

It is gratifying to us to notice the multiplied indications of advanced scholarship in Methodist institutions. In this volume Dr. Rice has reflected lustre upon the Wesleyan University. We shall never forget the avidity with which we studied Dana's geology when at college over thirty years ago.

This is the fifth edition, revised and enlarged, of "Dana's Text-Book of Geology," which for more than half a century has been a standard for the study. The book has been thoroughly revised, in many parts entirely rewritten, and a few changes have been made in the arrangement. The classification of animals and plants is introduced before dynamical geology. In addition to the large number of illustrations in the former editions, a number of new figures and revised maps, taken from the government surveys, are given in this edition. The bearing of paleontology upon evolution is thoroughly discussed. The book is well balanced, treating adequately structural and dynamical geology, and giving due prominence to historical geology, neglected by other writers. As now published the work combines the ripe scholarship and profound learning of Professor Dana, accommodated in spirit and in fact to the most recent researches.

Pictures of the East. Sketches of Biblical Scenes in Palestine and Greece. By HELEN B. HARRIS. London: James Nisbet & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.75.

There is an undying interest about the land made sacred evermore by the life and labours of our Lord. Hence, age after age, multitudes of pilgrims make their way to those scenes and seek to walk in the very footprints of Jesus. But many more can never see the Holy Land, nor their feet stand within the gates of Jerusalem. To them such a series of graphic sketches as are contained in this volume in no inconsiderable degree supply the lack. The plates are not photos, which after all have a dull mechanical appearance, but are from drawings by a clever artist. The writer expresses the hope that, as seeing with the eye is a help to the hearing of the ear and the understanding of the heart, Sunday-school teachers and other Christian workers may find in these sketches some assistance in their presentation of Biblical history to those among whom they labour.

There are thirty-two full-page cuts with descriptive text printed on heavy paper, illustrating the footprints of St. Paul in Greece. It is a handsome large octavo. It has been well said that the Land is the best commentary on the Book. The text and pictures give a realistic interest to the words of Scripture.

The Emphasized New Testament. A New Translation Designed to Set Forth the Exact Meaning, the Proper Terminology, and the Graphic Style of the Sacred Original; Arranged to Show at a Glance Narrative, Speech, Parallelism, and Logical Analysis; and Emphasized Throughout after the Idioms of the Greek Tongue. With Select References and an Appendix of Notes. By JOSEPH BRYANT ROTHERHAM. Large octavo. Pp. 274. Cloth. New York: John Wiley & Sons, 53 East Tenth Street. Price, $2.00.

One of the most notable signs of the times is the growing intensity of the study of the Word of God, and the many methods which are adopted to make its meaning more clear. The Polychrome Bible, the admirable volumes of Professor Moulton, and the book under review, are all illustrations of this. The title above quoted sets forth the author's purpose. It is designed to be a help in the critical study of the New Testament for those who know their English only, placing them as nearly as possible in the position of one familiar with the original Greek. With this purpose in view, the translation was made more literal than the Common or the Revised Versions, and various typographical devices are employed in the text to denote greater or less emphasis, to indicate words concerning whose authenticity scholars are in doubt.

It is natural that such a translation as this should sound strangely to ears accustomed only to the phraseology of the Common or even the Revised Version; but the very strangeness of a new rendering of familiar words is often a stimulus to thought. It serves to arouse attention to passages hitherto passed lightly over because they are so familiar. Even though the rendering may not be quite felicitous—it inevitably provokes inquiry

and reflection. This is, indeed, the chief value of a literal translation.

We think the author has sometimes marred the beauty of the text by his translations, as in his rendering of the first beatitude, "Happy are the destitute in spirit." His uniform translation of the word "baptize," by immerse, begs the whole question in dispute as to the mode of baptism. The expression "John the Immerser" has a queer look, and we utterly dissent from the translation, "He will immerse you in Holy Ghost and fire."

The Christian Interpretation of Life, and Other Essays. By W. T. DAVISON, M.A., D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

We were much pleased by reading some of these essays as they appeared anonymously in the London *Quarterly Review*, and are glad to know their authorship and to have them in this handsome form. The leading essay on the "Christian Interpretation of Life" is here printed for the first time. It is a contribution of unusual value to one of the most important of subjects. The essays on "The Seat of Authority in Religion," on "The Christian Philosophy of Religion," "The Foundations of Christian Faith," "Christianity and Greek Thought," "The Evidential Value of Christian Experience," "Problems in Christian Ethics," and "The Realization of Christian Unity," are characterized by Dr. Davison's philosophical method, devout spirit and felicity of expression. We hope that Dr. Davison will present in book form the admirable articles which he has recently contributed to *Zion's Herald* on recent biblical criticism.

History of the People of Israel, From the Earliest Times to the Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. Written for lay readers by CARL HEINRICH CORNILL, Ph.D., S.T.D. Translated by W. H. CARRUTH. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

The Open Court Publishing Company is issuing an important series of philosophical works, of which this is the latest. It is not often that a book by a German professor is written in so vivacious and picturesque literary style. As written for lay readers the book presents the results rather than the process of criticism. It includes a concise but clear account of the period covered by the Sunday-school lessons of the present half-year. Some of its conclusions, however, we cannot accept, as that of the character of Ahab.

Ye Lyttle Salem Maide. A Story of Witchcraft. By PAULINE BRADFORD MACKIE. Illustrated by E. W. D. HAMILTON. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe, & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

There is no period of history that seems so near and yet so far as that of New England in the old witchcraft days. In reading its record we seem transported almost to the heart of the Middle Ages. The admirable painting of the witch trials in the quaint old museum might illustrate a page from the records of the Vehmgerichte, or of the Council of Ten. Yet in some aspects of New England life and thought there is an air of modernity which seems almost of yesterday. Out of its religious life have sprung the principles and institutions which pulsate with vitality throughout the continent to-day. As one browses in the old books in the Salem Institute, or meditates among the tombs of the old burying-ground, he is brought face to face with the venerable past. As he walks the busy street, traversed by many scores of passing railway trains, he feels the quickened throb of the present.

This book, as with a spell of an enchanter's wand, takes us back to the old colonial days, reveals the pall of superstition that brooded over the community, makes us share the pulsing hopes and fears of the denizens of the old Puritan town. There is in the analysis of thought and feeling and portrayal of character a vein of genius akin to that of Hawthorne. The make-up of the book, with its crimson rubric, its quaint illustrations are quite in keeping with the Old World atmosphere that exhales from its pages.

The Christian Revelation. By BORDEN P. BOWNE. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

Dr. Bowne is one of the ablest professors of philosophy of New England. What he has to say, therefore, on this important subject will command our respect in advance. This paper was read before the University of Syracuse. Its essential thought is, that the current difficulties concerning revelation are needless, if not gratuitous, and arise mainly from the abstract discussion of a problem which can be successfully dealt with only in the concrete.

DANISH ROYAL FAMILY IN MUSIC ROOM AT BERNSTORFF.